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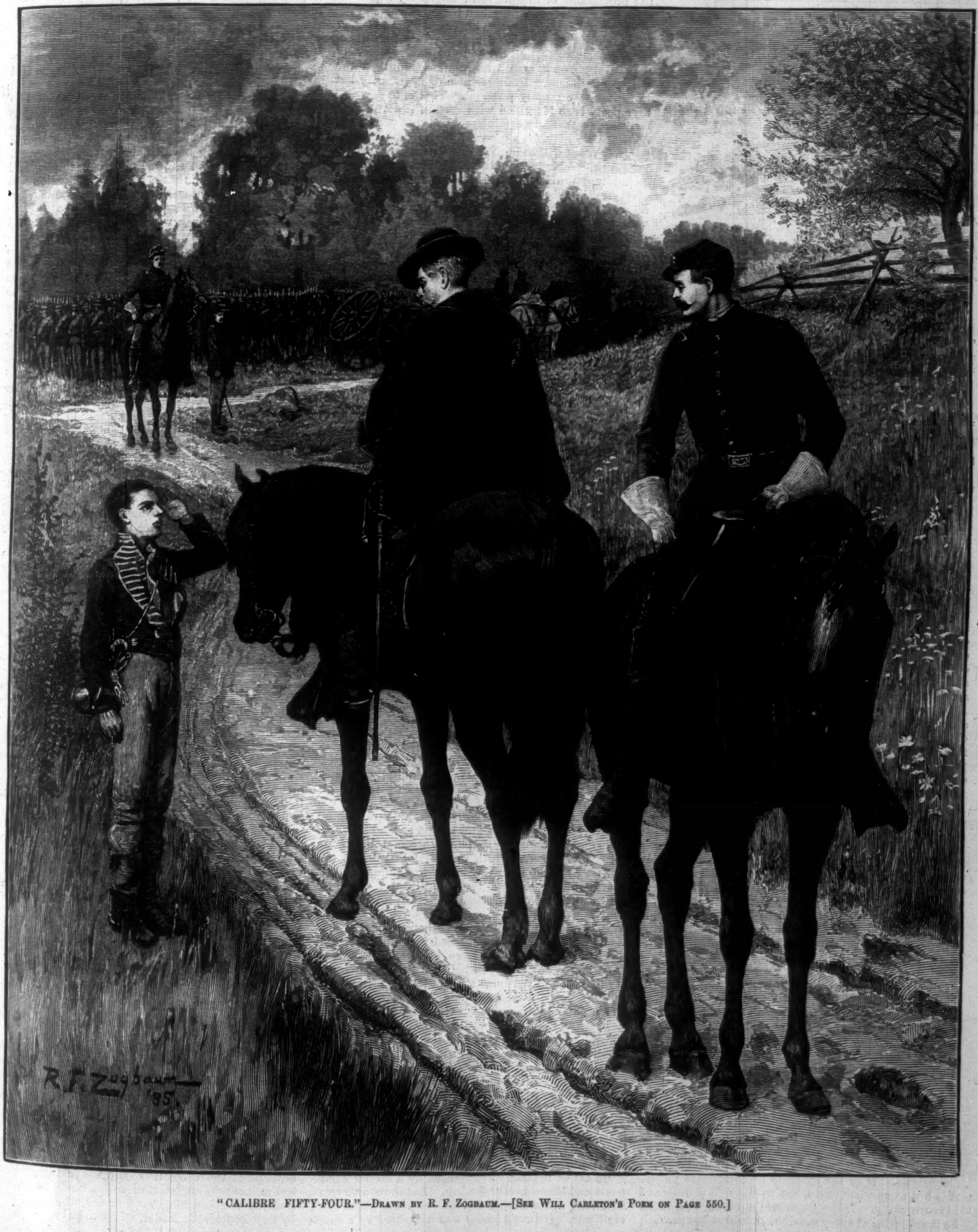
R. F. Zogbaum '85.

"CALIBRE FIFTY-FOUR."—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE WILL CARLETON'S POEM ON PAGE 550.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1885.

FALSE DEMOCRATIC HOPES.

THE Democratic managers in New York will make a serious mistake if they assume that the desire to sustain President CLEVELAND in his purpose of reforming abuses in administration will secure the reform vote for any Democratic candidate for Governor. Independent voters who regard the President as a man of sincere reform convictions and purposes do not by any means hold the Democratic party to be an agency of reform, nor do they consider the fact of Mr. CLEVELAND'S nomination to have shown even a party sympathy for reform. On the contrary, he was not a popular candidate with the party, and he was selected only because of the party conviction that it could not succeed with a candidate who was not acceptable, by reason of his reform views, to discontented Republicans. He was selected for the same general reasons that Mr. GREELEY was selected as the Presidential candidate in 1872, and Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS as the candidate for Governor of Massachusetts in 1876. It was not that either of those candidates represented the Democratic tradition or conviction or spirit or purpose, but solely that he would probably command a vote beyond the party large enough to bring the party into power. Mr. CLEVELAND, indeed, is a Democrat, while Mr. GREELEY and Mr. ADAMS were not. But he is not the kind of Democrat that party politicians like, and he represented the current spirit and purpose of his party almost as little as Mr. GREELEY and Mr. ADAMS. He was nominated, like them, to help his party into power, and the managers expected to control him by what is called party pressure, as they had intended to control Mr. GREELEY.

It was because the Independent Republicans, from their knowledge and observation of Mr. CLEVELAND, did not believe that he would be controlled by his party managers nor yield to party pressure, and because they knew of a reform and progressive sentiment in the Democratic party which would contest that control, that such Republicans supported him. They do not think that they were deceived. As the Civil Service Reform League said at Newport, his general course has justified their confidence, notwithstanding certain acts which they disapprove, and which are in violation of the principles of reform, and which, if they were the rule of the administration, would forfeit the confidence of all who are really interested in reform. But the ground of continued confidence is the firmness with which, upon the whole, the President withstands the pressure of the mere politicians and office-seekers of the Democratic party. His present contest is not with Republicans, but with Democrats. If in the struggle he sometimes yields, it is not to another party, but to the evil pressure of his own party. If the Democratic pressure to which he is subjected at every moment should at last prevail, and the traditional spoils system of the Democratic party should become the President's policy, we repeat that he would undoubtedly have disappointed his Independent Republican friends, and their confidence and support would be withdrawn. Now, as one of the most offensive and dangerous forms of that pressure would be the election in New York of a candidate for Governor who is not in complete and actual, not formal and perfunctory, sympathy with the President, the duty of every well-wisher of the President to oppose such a candidate is obvious, and the blunder of supposing that any Democratic candidate would be supported by such friends, in order that the President might not seem to be discredited by a party defeat in his own State, is equally plain.

To support in New York a Democratic candidate who is not in full accord with the President, whatever the professions of the platform might be, would be most dangerously to strengthen the force of the pressure upon the President which he is resisting, and which it is the duty of every good citizen to aid him to resist. Such a candidate ought to be most vigorously opposed by every man who would strengthen the President's hands. Politics are now necessarily but unfortunately largely personal. That is to say, neither party is so identified with certain great policies or measures that any candidate who is not personally disreputable may be supported for the sake of the party. What will be done in any particular direction now depends chiefly upon the candidate himself. The Republican professions of regard for reform in the civil service did not introduce, even under Republican administration, a general policy of reform, or prevent flagrant disregard of its principles, and as we have said before, the election of Mr. QUAY in Pennsylvania, or of any Republican candidate in New York who is not known to be actually a practical reformer, would not of itself advance the cause of reform. But the election of a sincere Republican reformer in New York would be a much stronger proof of popular approval of the course of the President than the election of a Democrat who represents the Democratic opposition, which is the chief obstacle with which the President is now contending, and whose triumph would be fatal to reform.

THE TRUCE OF DEATH.

THE tradition that NELSON upon going into his last battle exclaimed, "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" shows his sense of the highest honor that England could pay him if he did not survive to wear the coronet. NELSON was an Englishman and fought for England. But it is an extraordinary event that the memory of the great soldier of another country, and the hero of a war which was not England's, should be honored by a commemorative service in Westminster Abbey. Among all the tributes to General GRANT, none was more interesting and significant. Its simplicity, its total freedom from lavish ostentation of sorrow, the personal character and distinction of the assembly, the lofty and dignified eloquence of Canon FARRAR'S address, were all singularly fitting for the occasion and worthy of the man. The patriotism absolutely unstained by personal ambition—a patriotism so pure that liberty was as safe in the hands of a victorious general at the head of the largest of triumphant armies as it had been in WASHINGTON'S—was worthy of this most impressive emphasis in another land.

The entire circumstance of GRANT'S death is another illustration of the way in which a great patriot serves his country and his kind by his death as by his life. Remembrance of his singular magnanimity at once drew his old foes to his bier as sincere mourners, while the unselfishness of his great services to the highest interests of the English-speaking race were recalled with admiration, and tended to bind that race more closely together despite superficial hostilities and jealousies. As death immediately releases the features from the aspect of temporary suffering, so it reveals the simple and broad outlines of character upon which fame will ultimately rest. Even WASHINGTON as an actor in great political affairs was sharply censured and vehemently criticised. The wisdom of his action was denied, and the spirit and motives of his conduct were questioned. GRANT, when he too entered upon political life, was necessarily involved in the same storms; but no criticism of his course or difference of opinion as to his conduct ever impugned his motives or accused his integrity. He dies, and the differences disappear. Errors and misunderstandings, not involving the substantial qualities of the man, vanish, and only those great qualities remain for the admiration and the emulation of all men.

The final scenes and circumstances of the transport of his body from Mount McGregor to the city of New York and to the grave were vividly described in the papers from moment to moment. Mr. LINCOLN'S obsequies, by reason of the tragedy of his death and the simultaneous end of the war, and the nature of the great act of his life, were marked by a deeper excitement and tenderness of feeling. But the country was still rent asunder, and heaved with the passions of civil war. GRANT'S burial was witnessed by a country united and grateful and sincerely lamenting a common loss. For matchless magnanimity in victory and blamelessness with almost invincible military power are not local possessions, but national treasures of influence and remembrance. As ministers of every religious faith, and men of every political party, and Union and Confederate soldiers, mourned together over the grave of GRANT, so his death seems to have sounded a universal truce to the contentions of the war, to end an old epoch, and to announce a new.

The circumstances which surrounded the burial of LINCOLN twenty years ago and that of GRANT today show how immensely the country has advanced in that time, and how incalculable was the service of both. It is the proud fortune of this generation to have seen and known the two Americans whom history and national gratitude will associate with WASHINGTON.

THE INDIANAPOLIS POSTMASTER.

WHEN the President announced that offensive partisans might be justly removed from office, he laid down a rule which is universal, and he gave a moral pledge to the country that it should be applied to Democrats and Republicans alike. The complaints against Mr. AQUILA JONES, postmaster at Indianapolis, were three: first, that he had violated the rules of the civil service by unjustifiable removals; second, that his conversation showed a purpose to disregard the rules; and third, that a recent examination was conducted unfairly toward applicants. Commissioner THOMAN and Chief Examiner LYMAN went to Indianapolis, heard twenty witnesses, took one hundred and thirty-one pages of testimony, and the Commission reported to the President its conclusion that the charges of improper removals and unfair conduct at the examination were not sustained, and that while the postmaster's conversation has been reckless, he explains that it was due to his misapprehension of the requirements of the rules.

Had a violation of the law in regard to appointments or a palpably unfair and partisan dismissal of an officer been established, or had the charge of tampering with the examination been sustained, there would have been no question that the postmaster should be removed. But violation of law was not, it seems, proved. The remaining question is whether there was such offensive partisanship as would justify removal. This is, of course, a question of interpretation and inference. It can be best answered, perhaps, by considering whether the conduct and conversation of Mr. JONES would have been regarded in the case of a Republican postmaster as constituting that offensive partisanship which justifies removal. The words of the President in his letter to the Civil Service Reform League are these:

> "But many now holding such positions have forfeited all just claims to retention because they have used their places for party purposes, in disregard of their duty to the people, and because, instead of being decent public servants, they have proved themselves offensive partisans and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management. The lessons of the past should be unlearned, and such officials, as well as their successors, should be taught that efficiency, fitness, and devotion to public duty are the conditions of their continuance in public place, and that the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights is the reasonable measure of their party service."

If more offensive partisanship in this sense has been proved against the Republican postmasters who have been removed for that cause than against Mr. JONES, they have been most rightfully removed. But according to statements which have been publicly made by responsible persons, and upon the confession of Mr. JONES that he did not comprehend the requirements of the rule, it would be very surprising if the testimony did not show something more than "quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights" upon the part of the postmaster. Yet, as in all cases dependent upon evidence, it is impossible to speak decisively without knowledge of the proof. But whatever the President's action may be, this incident alone shows the astonishing progress of this reform. For the alleged conduct of the Indianapolis postmaster, which has attracted the attention of the country, led to an official examination, and raised the question of his removal, is the conduct which until very recently was held to be not only entirely proper, but a mere discharge of the duty of such an officer to his party.

REPUBLICAN GOOD SENSE IN OHIO.

THE following extract from a private letter is a very significant sign of the times. It is from an Ohio Republican of the original antislavery stock, who has been most steadfast in his devotion to the party, who has had hitherto little sympathy with the civil service reform movement, and who sincerely deplored what he held to be the Mugwump mistake of last year. The writer is a man of such solid character and intelligence that his views may be accepted as those of a very large body of the truest Republicans, who apprehend that the party is unwisely led by narrow and bitter partisans who seem to suppose that Republicanism means nothing but dull, sullen, undiscriminating hostility to everything, good or bad, which is favored by any Democratic leader. It is to be hoped that the views and spirit of men like the writer of this letter will prevail over Bourbon Republicanism.

"Ohio Republicanism, it seems to me, has fallen under evil leadership. At the critical moment, the meeting of the State Convention, John Sherman absented himself on the Pacific coast. I do not in my remark refer to the gallant Captain Foraker, who conducts his campaign with ability and prudence. I refer to those who made the platform. The Convention lost a great opportunity. Cleveland owed his election to the co-operation of incongruous elements, the Mugwump and the Bourbon. The plain policy of the Republican party is to break asunder this unnatural union. Cleveland, in his Mugwump policy, gave the opportunity. How differently the party in Ohio would appear had it adopted a resolution pledging the cordial support of the party to the President in his endeavor to enforce the civil service rules and in his war on Bourbonism!

"Failing in this, the party raises the old cry of the war issues. But the war issues are dead. I have recently visited the South, and to me, who remember the old times, it was very gratifying to see little colored children, cleanly clad, with book in hand, hurrying along the streets in New Orleans to the school-house. The supreme need of the South is human labor. This the negro alone possesses, and this enables him to dictate his terms in all matters except voting. Here wrong is done him, but where is the remedy? It is a deep question, and in my opinion time alone will solve it. Again, does not the Southern sympathy over the dead body of Grant touch us all? Disunion and secession are indeed dead.

"The liquor question is the terror of the Republican party in Ohio. But here, after much tribulation, we had reached safe ground. A great majority of the people had acquiesced in the Scott law—taxation—set aside by a partisan court. The platform should have demanded its re-instatement. The sentiment of Ohio, I think, has reached the point that the saloon shall be regulated in the interest of morals, and should be taxed to help pay the expenses which it entails. I have recently visited Iowa, and observed the working there of prohibition. It means in the cities free liquor.

"The *Commercial-Gazette* speaks as if it would drive from the party all who do not worship Blaine. Are we to have again Blaine and final defeat?"

JOINT DEBATE.

The proposition of a joint discussion between political candidates for executive offices is generally very unwise, because such a discussion is very likely to expose one side to injustice, due, not to the superior argument of the other, but to purely accidental circumstances. A plausible, impudent, "tonguey" speaker, with sarcasm, ridicule, and rhetoric, will often carry an audience against a modest, shy, and capable opponent who has no gift of speech. The apparent victory in such a case has no relation whatever to the merits of the question, and signifies nothing but the greater smartness as a talker of one of the candidates.

The great and historical joint discussion in this country was that in 1858 between Lincoln and Douglas in Illinois. The prize was the Senatorship. The contestants were admirably matched. They were both used to stump debate and to argument at the bar, and had been often professionally as well as politically arrayed against each other. Each party was satisfied with its champion. Mr. Douglas won the Senatorship, but Mr. Lincoln won the Presidency; for the remarkable ability, moral courage, and lofty principle which he displayed in the discussion made him at once a national representative Republican.

Such a contest, however, is wholly exceptional, and the joint discussion is generally to be avoided because of the necessary inequality of conditions. Generally, also, although just now less than for a generation, candidates represent great policies and measures, whose advantages are not to be justly measured by the comparative cleverness in oral discussion of two candidates. When the situation is such as it was in Illinois in 1858, and the opponents are Lincoln and Douglas, a joint debate may be wise, but not otherwise.

"ONE BLAST UPON HIS BUGLE-HORN."

The droll attempt to show that because of serious mistakes in appointments and removals the President has surrendered to the spoils politicians of his party, and that those who trusted the sincerity of his convictions upon the subject have been ruthlessly deceived by him and are bitterly lamenting their betrayal, has received a rather stunning check in his letter to the person who signed a petition for the appointment of an unfit applicant for a judgeship. Even had the letter proved to be a forgery, as it was asserted or insinuated to be by some of the more reckless and desperate of those Republican journals which would rather see the public service suffer than that it should be aided by a Democratic President, it would yet have derived all its point and probability from its strict conformity to his known views and conduct.

This is the letter:

> "Executive Mansion, Washington, *August* 1, 1885.
>
> "Dear Sir,—I have read your letter of the 24th ult. with amazement and indignation. There is but one mitigation to the perfidy which your letter discloses, and that is found in the fact that you confess your share in it. I don't know whether you are a Democrat or not; but if you are, the crime which you confess is the more unpardonable. The idea that this Administration, pledged to give the people better government and better officers, and engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the bad elements of both parties, should be betrayed by those who ought to be worthy of implicit trust, is atrocious; and such treason to the people and to the party ought to be punished by imprisonment.
>
> "Your confession comes too late to be of immediate use to the public service, and I can only say that while this is not the first time I have been deceived and misled by lying and treacherous misrepresentations, you are the first one who has so frankly owned his grievous fault. If any comfort is to be extracted from this assurance, you are welcome to it. Yours truly,
>
> "Grover Cleveland."

The President is compelled often to rely upon the representations of others in deciding upon appointments, and it would be an excellent plan for him to cause it to be generally known that those who ask for appointments and recommend candidates must expect to see their names published as advisers of the Executive action. This is a capital provision of the rules of the city service both in New York and Brooklyn. The Mayor may publish at his pleasure the names of those who vouch for the character and habits of candidates. There is no grosser abuse than that of letters recommending applicants, whose requests for such letters the writers are too cowardly to refuse. The mere request of an office-seeker affects most men like a reason for recommendation instead of awakening distrust of fitness, and if, as in this case, the person asked to write or to sign a petition is too weak to decline, he is guilty of a serious offense against the government and the country. President Cleveland's courage and executive vigor evidently need no refreshment from the Northern woods, while his letter is exceedingly refreshing to those who agree with him that the conduct of his correspondent is a kind of moral treason.

THE VALUE OF A VOICE.

Carlyle's impatience of Sir Jabesh Windbag and government by talk would have been deepened by a remark in a recent letter from London to the *Evening Post*, that Mr. Gladstone was about departing upon a yacht trip to Norway, and that if the voyage should not restore his voice, a great political change and a general break up of parties would undoubtedly follow. More important consequences have seldom depended upon the condition of a voice.

The truth is that parties in England, as in this country, are held together very lightly, and are in the situation where new combinations may easily occur. The manner in which the most repulsive scandals are turned to partisan advantage shows how mean party controversy has become. The practical contest between parties in England seems now to be the effort to retain the Irish support, as in this country it is to gain the honest reform vote. Our situation is very much the better. It is, indeed, long since party action had a more worthy motive than that of securing a larger support by really deserving it.

In England the Tory Democrats are competing with the Radical Liberals for the Parnell vote. The condition of securing it is the support of some positive measure of home rule. But the natural alliance for such a purpose is with the Radicals and not with the Tories. The course of the English Tories recalls that of the American Democrats who, since the war, have played for power under any promising cry, and without the evidence of distinctive principle. Even the nomination of Mr. Cleveland was only a lucky chance of the party, as that of Mr. Greeley, Mr. Tilden, and General Hancock were efforts to make the party seem to stand for harmony, reform, and loyalty. It is, of course, always doubtful whether an old party, organized upon issues which are in process of settlement, can be made the effective agency of other and unrelated policies; and that is the precise point of interest in the present political situation.

THE "PURITAN."

The success of the yacht *Puritan* in the regatta at Newport, which was sailed, not amid balmy breezes, but on a day when "stormy winds did blow," added another to the sporting triumphs of the Puritans this year. In the college races of the early summer the Puritan college bore away the honors, and in the more important aquatic event it had the same good fortune.

The droll association of the Puritan name with yachting or with any gayety suggests many an extraordinary scene, and an amusing decoration of the cabin of the yacht would be a picture of Governor Bradford reproving the young men who proposed some harmless observance of Christmas. In fact, the young Puritan, like the young Quaker of recent days, had a great deal of human nature in his blood. He enjoyed his mince-pie even if he had to enjoy it upon the sly, while Roger Williams, who used to row his boat from Providence to Newport, would have gazed with satisfaction upon the yacht *Puritan* winning the race or leading the returning fleet from Cottage City.

The name of the yacht is not an ill-chosen reminder of the adaptation of the old Puritan quality to modern conditions—a transformation which affects the form, but in which the characteristic spirit is evident. In the general race of progress and development in this country the Puritan is by no means behind, and if the yacht should be selected to sail with the *Genesta*, the good fame of the *America* could be well intrusted to the *Puritan*.

THE POST-OFFICE.

In the second volume of his *History of the People of the United States*, Mr. McMaster states some interesting facts about the Post-office which illustrate the rapid progress and development of the country, to which the Post-office itself has greatly contributed. In 1792 there were two hundred and sixty-four post-offices in the country; there are now about fifty-two thousand. The yearly revenue was then twenty-five thousand dollars; it is now much more than forty-five millions.

The postage at that time from New York to Savannah was eighteen times larger than the present postage to the farthest office beyond the Rocky Mountains. Letters that left Philadelphia on Monday morning at half past eight, arrived in New York, if there was no delay, at two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon; and Jefferson, when he became President, sought to introduce reform by sending letters at the rate of one hundred miles in twenty-four hours. The postmasters sent newspapers in a leisurely manner, but they were not obliged to send them.

The system of the Post-office, however, was soon enlarged, not only to include newspapers, but a general express business, and it is this form of its service which has been of the utmost use. Not only books and papers and pamphlets, but every portable kind of merchandise has been carried by the mails to innumerable points to which private enterprise would never have carried them. To this immense public convenience has been added more recently the money-exchange service, by which small or large sums of money may be transmitted securely to every part of the country. It is the department of administration upon which the public is constantly and immediately dependent, and which obviously should be kept as free as possible from all mere partisan or political interference.

PERSONAL.

The veteran landscape painter Mr. A. B. Durand, now in his ninetieth year, may be seen almost any pleasant afternoon on the veranda of his charming cottage at South Orange, New Jersey. The house stands in the outskirts of the village, almost in the shadow of the Orange Mountain, and contains a commodious and well-furnished studio. Mr. Durand is an excellent French scholar, and French literature has long been a diversion of his later years. He smokes his pipe, paints when he feels like it, receives his friends, and is altogether the most comfortable nonogenarian that American art has produced.

—Preston S. Brooks, Jun., son of the man who assaulted Charles Sumner, is a dry-goods merchant at Sewanee, Tennessee. He has the gold cup and the two gold-headed canes presented to his father by Southerners. "I could never see," he said recently, "why that little affair of father's created such a wide interest."

—Sir Moses Montefiore's fortune is about $5,000,000, and goes to two nephews. The title of baronet dies with him, as he left no children.

—General Fitzhugh Lee was perhaps the most striking Southern figure at the Grant obsequies. The disposition to cheer him was difficult to repress, and had the occasion been less mournful, would have been gratified to its full extent. His face is unusually winning and his presence unusually commanding. He has a large number of warm personal friends in this city.

—Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has lent for an indefinite period the large vacant lot at the southeast corner of Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street to the children of his friends and neighbors, that they may use it as a play-ground; and now that most of these children are out of the city at various summer resorts, their fathers have kindly opened the place to a large number of poor children. It has been converted into a beautiful park with many modern conveniences for sport.

—Mr. A. B. Frost, whose clever pencil has pointed the moral of many a pleasing tale, might go to his own experience for an incident of genuine pictorial interest. Having married a daughter of Mr. Moro Phillips, the Philadelphia millionaire, against the choice of her father, who cared little for aspiring young artists, he proceeded to show him that at least one aspiring young artist could earn his own living, and acquire an honorable celebrity at the same time. Up to the day of his father-in-law's death Mr. Frost refused to accept a cent from him; but when the old gentleman's will was opened, the resolute son-in-law was greeted with the news that his share of the estate is $40,000 a year. If Mr. Frost knows a happier subject for a series of humorous sketches in his special vein, he has a right to say so.

—"I was very glad," writes a correspondent of this journal, "to see the article on the Tyndall scholarships. The fact should be known through the land that one English lecturer did *not* come to this country solely to see how much money he could take away with him."

—Instead of cremating herself on her late husband's funeral pyre, a Hindoo widow, Mrs. Ramabhai by name, has gone into business as a bookseller.

—Professor Max Müller is overworked, and has been ordered to Switzerland by his physicians for a complete rest of several months.

—The *Academy* directs attention to "an admirable little book of Professor Francis Brown, of the Union Theological Seminary at New York, on the use and abuse of Assyriology in Old Testament study." Professor Brown belongs to a family of scholars.

—Mr. John Bright's estimate of Lord Hartington: "He has a strong head, and will run so straight that the Liberal party may always rely on him."

—The Mahdi, who, according to the most trustworthy accounts, died of small-pox on the 21st of July, left a solemn charge to his nephew and successor to continue the war against England, and gave him his sword. The nephew is not so terrible as his uncle.

—Mr. Matthew Arnold laments that the day of the great middle-class is over, and that intellectual poverty and effacement will be their lot in the triumph of the democracy. They could have held their own very well had they chosen to do so, but their hearts were sluggish and their wills enervated.

—That distinguished Scottish scholar the late Dr. Veitch said of his treatise on Greek verbs: "For the second edition of my book I verified every reference in it. If a book like mine is not accurate, it is not useless, sir; it is positively mischievous." Professor Charlton T. Lewis could speak in similar terms of *Harper's Latin Dictionary*.

—Dr. Richard S. Storrs's work, *The Divine Origin of Christianity*, receives an appreciative two-column review in the London *Spectator*, which finds that the facts are arranged in luminous order, and set forth with fervor and eloquence, and that the union of close, cogent reasoning and eloquent speech is remarkable. "If the logic is aflame, it is none the less logic; and if the argument moves with stately step and slow, it is none the less knit together by the severe bonds of strict inference."

—Advice concerning waltzing, by a late writer on the subject: "A gentleman should not stare wildly in dancing, or gaze upward, as if he imagined himself in the seventh heaven." He should also not manifest a tendency "to run round his partner, like the tire of a wheel round the axle, which has, of course, a very absurd appearance."

—In that peculiar theory of life (observes the *Saturday Review*) which Mr. Boucicault has elected to represent on the stage nothing is possible save that which is improbable, and nothing probable unless it be the impossible. He is so neat, so clever, so dexterous, so full of expedient and resource, that for as much as half an hour at a time he compels belief.

—An English reviewer calls Lieutenant Greely the American Gordon—a gallant officer cut off from the world by weather, not by the Mahdi, and beleaguered by frost in the arctic circle. Commander Schley, who rescued him, "was in time, and we, who were always too late, may be excused for thinking of his success with a kind of envy."

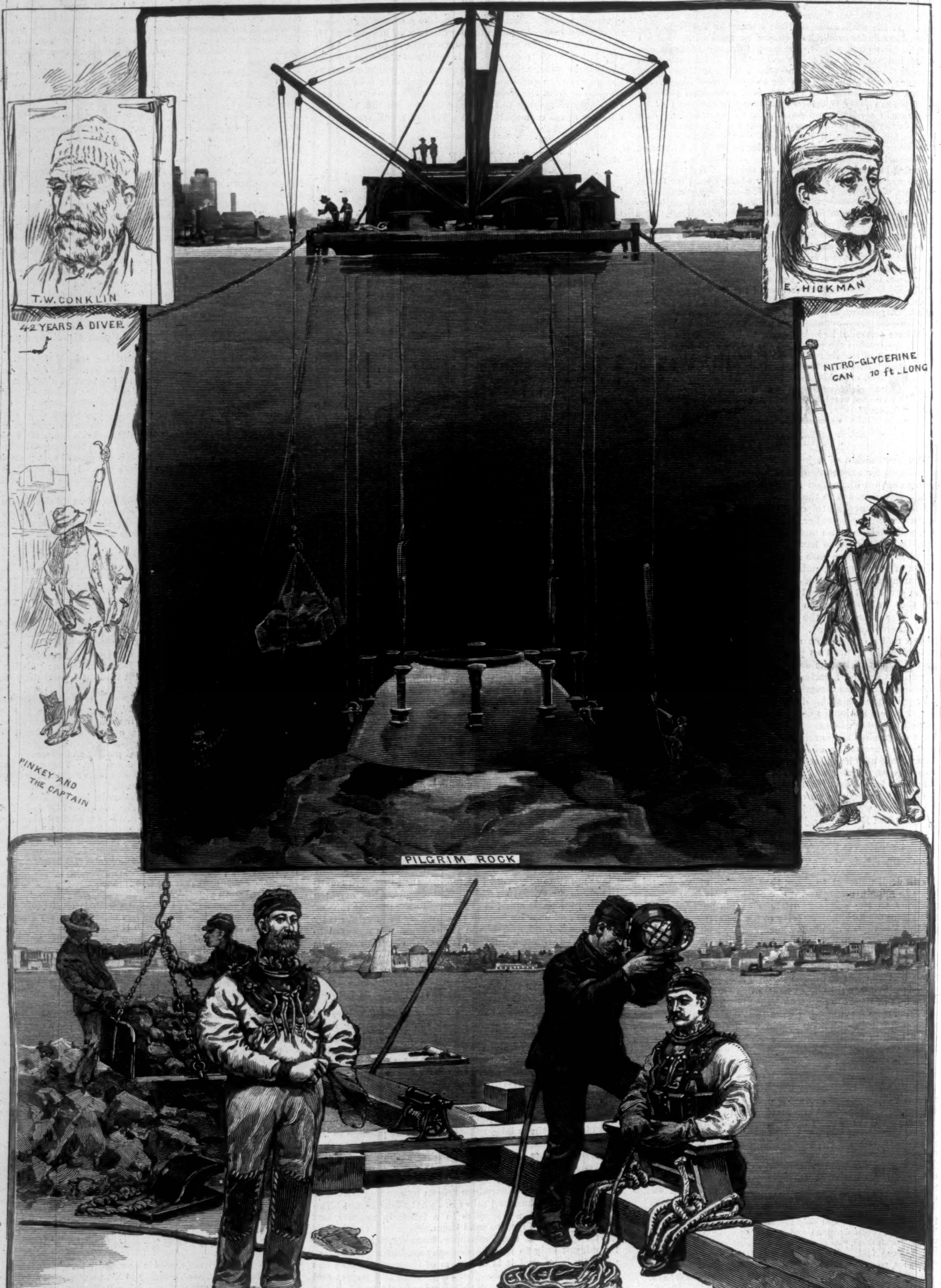
—Some wandering Tyrolese minstrels gave a concert a few weeks ago in a German town. Madame Nilsson, who was present, listened patiently to their noise, and then suddenly astonished them by singing a song herself. Her voice seemed to have lost none of the purity and color that have made it famous.

—Lord Coleridge did not attend the marriage of his daughter to Mr. Adams, the lawyer, but she has recently laid a wreath on her mother's grave, near the beautiful monument erected by her father.

—Madame Patti is now at her castle in Wales, where she will stay until November.

—The King of Bavaria, who is now under the governance of a Council of Regency, has, according to Mr. Labouchere, a touch of Byron in his physiognomy, and neither affection nor friendship for any human creature except Wagner.

—The total annuity voted by Parliament to the sons and daughters of Queen Victoria is $785,000, which, by the death of the Duke of Albany and the Princess Alice, has become $660,000. It is the custom to grant an annuity to every prince and princess of the blood royal either upon majority, orphanage, or marriage. The children not only of the Prince of Wales, but of the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Albany, will be entitled to annuities. But Mr. Edwin Arnold believes that before long something will have to be done to check this flow of money from the treasury.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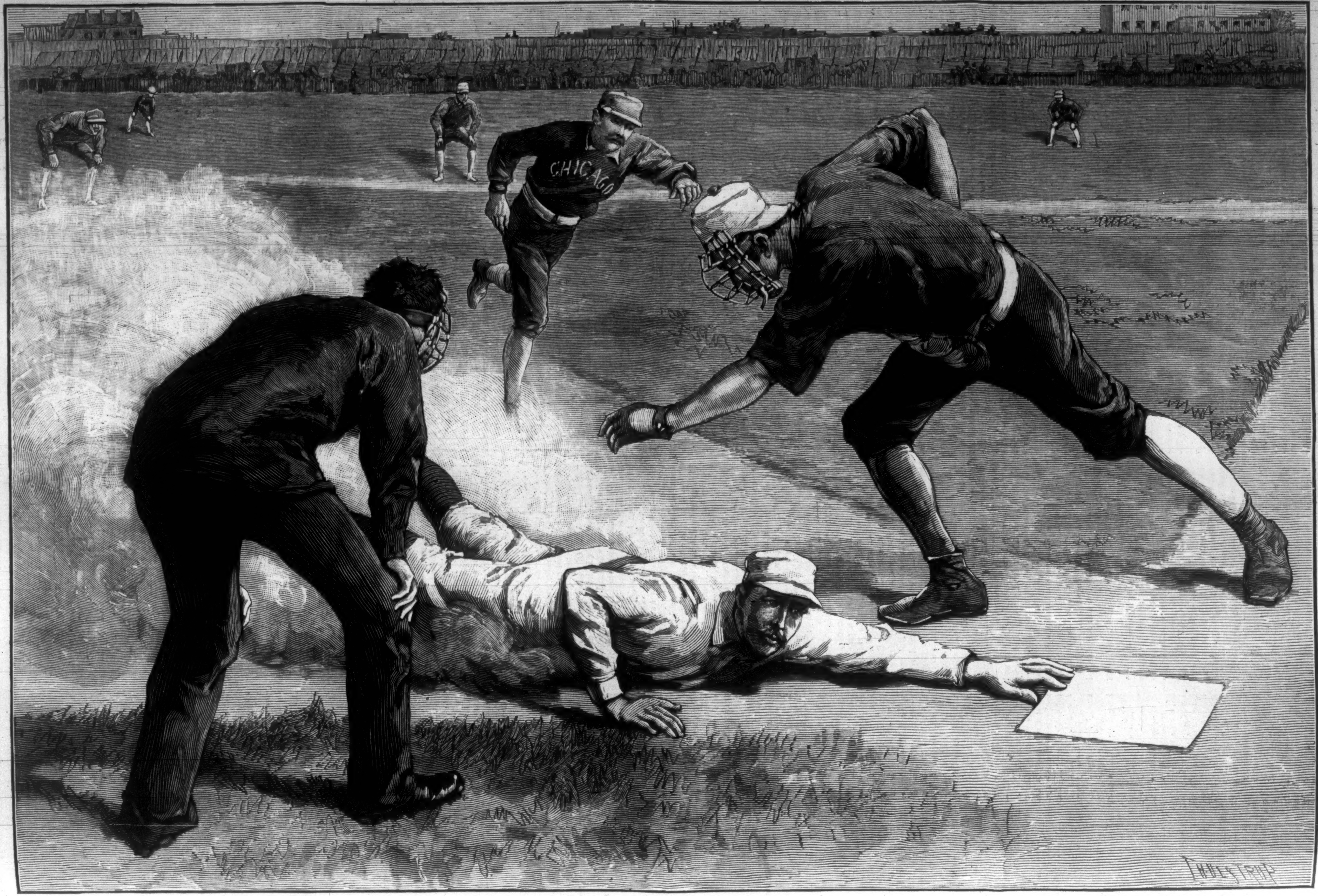
DIVERS PREPARING TO DESCEND

REMOVING PILGRIM ROCK.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 551.]


CHICAGO
THULSTRUP

THE WINNING RUN—"HOW IS IT, UMPIRE?"—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 550.]

CALIBRE FIFTY-FOUR.

By WILL CARLETON.

[See Illustration on Front Page.]

"Say, General, say!" the courier said
(A boy of thirteen years),
"Our regiment's scant of powder and lead;
'Most out, the Colonel fears.
The men, they have held the ground, while I
This message swiftly bore.
Be quick, and send 'em a fresh supply!
It's calibre fifty-four."

"Now you are young," the General said,
"To run so stern a race;
Some older man might come instead,
Through such a dangerous place."
"They couldn't be spared," the boy began;
"I'm youngest of the corps;
And so—but, say! be quick, old man!
It's calibre fifty-four."

"Now you are hurt," the General said:
"There's blood here on your breast.
Go back to the rear, and take my bed,
And have some needful rest."
"Not much!" said the boy, with half-hid sneer;
"I can't be spared no more;
My regiment's nowhere nigh the rear—
It's calibre fifty-four."

"But where's your horse?" the General said;
"Afoot you can not be?"
"Oh, a cannon-ball tore off his head,
And didn't come far from me;
And bullets warbled around, you bet
(One through my right arm tore);
But *I'm* a horse, and a colt to let!
I'm calibre fifty-four."

"Your parents, boy?" the General said:
"Where are they?—dead, it seems."
"Oh, they are what the world calls dead,
But come to me in dreams;
They tell me to be brave alway,
As father was before;
Then mother kisses me—but say!
It's calibre fifty-four."

"They'll soon be there," the General said,
"Those cartridges you claim;
My staff's best horse you'll ride, instead
Of that on which you came."
Away the boy, his spurs sharp set,
Across that field of gore,
Still shouting back, "Now don't forget!
It's calibre fifty-four."

THE WINNING RUN.

It was recently said by an enthusiastic "sporting editor" that "the people of this city manifest less interest in a Presidential election than in a baseball contest in which the New Yorks and Chicagoes cross bats." While the statement is a trifle inaccurate as to facts and imperfect as to metaphor—there being no stage in the game of baseball in which the crossing of bats is either necessary or permissible—it is undeniable that the struggle between the League nines of these two cities is this year watched with very great interest.

It became evident early in the season that New York and Chicago had the crack nines of the League. Boston fell hopelessly behind at the outset, and Providence dropped into an undisputed third place at an ever-increasing distance behind the leaders.

If the turn-stiles which are placed at the entrances to the ball field are to be believed, 7043 persons found their way into the Polo Grounds on the afternoon of Thursday, August 6. It was not an ordinary assemblage. It was in some sense a vast gathering of critics—a sort of "first-night" attendance. It is quite probable that nine out of ten of those present would have had no difficulty in explaining the exact situation of the League war to date. As far as the New York and Chicago nines were concerned, the situation is easily stated. The Chicagoes, with a total of 70 games played, had won 55 and lost 15. The New Yorks, with a total of 68 games played, had won 52 and lost 16. Defeat for the Chicagoes in the game now to be played meant the making of the scores of New York and Chicago, as far as the number of defeats was concerned, even. It was an important battle, and was so regarded.

The pitcher for the New York nine was Welch, Clarkson occupying that arduous post for the visitors. Never before was the accuracy of delivery brought to so high a state of perfection. Two gigantic catapults, set up out there in the broiling sun where Welch and Clarkson alternately stood, could scarcely have sent the leathern bullet flying in over the white home plate with greater rapidity than it assumed when it left the fingers of these men. Nor could any catapult of the ancients have given to the ball the remarkably elusive course which it took in its flight. The batsmen swung their willow clubs at it in vain. Striker after striker succumbed to the art of the invincible pitchers. Occasionally, as the firing continued, there was, more by accident than design, it usually seemed, the sharp contact of ball and bat, and a bird-like flight of the ball, followed always by an alighting in the outstretched hands of some nimble fielder. Nine innings were played without a run having been scored upon either side.

It was New York's turn to open the batting as the tenth inning began. Ewing, the catcher of the New Yorks, was first to face the in-coming ball. He moved the stick nervously up and down as the Chicago pitcher, cool, imperturbable, and with unerring aim, sent in a hot shot. There was a flash as of a flail in the hands of a thresher, and out into the right field went the surprised ball, while over the path leading to first base ran the batsman. Kelly, in the right field, saw the ball in the air, but was unable to reach it, and Ewing gained first base. Ward, of the New York nine, now faced the Chicago catapult. Twice he missed the flying sphere, but at the third attempt hit it plump in the centre, and sent it in a straight line to right field. Kelly was looking for it this time, and as it bowled over the grass, caught it up with wondrous dexterity, and sent it flying to first base. Ewing had started on the journey for second base before the strike was made, and as the ball came curving in from right field to first base he saw the possibility of making third. To the spectators the moment was one of intense excitement. A third of the distance to third base had been made by Ewing before the incoming ball had reached the fingers of Anson, who stood leaning forward from first base to receive it. It was evident that Ward could not reach first in time; but could Ewing make third? Anson caught the ball waist-high, thereby putting out Ward, and with a flashing movement of his right arm sent it straight across the diamond to where Williamson on third base was waiting to receive it. Ewing saw that he was being headed off by the flying ball. Throwing himself forward, he dived for the base. Ball and man reached the bag simultaneously, but Ewing had slid in under the hands of the third base man, and escaped being touched. Gillespie, tall and lanky, now picked up the bat, and faced the pitcher. He was cool and collected. "One ball," cried the umpire; "two balls;" "three balls." The Chicago pitcher had lost his range. The missile travelled swiftly, but inaccurately. Suddenly, at the fourth ball, Gillespie swung his club. The ball was hit on the top, and ran slowly over the grass to second base. Ewing had meantime started for home. He did not move slowly. His legs twinkled as he ran, and his head was bent forward on his breast. Pfeffer, the Chicago second base man, ran to meet the approaching ball, and stooped low to intercept it. The ball struck an uneven bit of ground, and bounded high. Pfeffer grabbed frantically at it. It stuck in his big fingers, but he had it. The seven thousand spectators were on their feet. Ewing was within eighteen feet of the goal. Like a bullet from a gun the ball left the right hand of the Chicagoes' second base man, and came whizzing in toward the plate. Catcher Flint was waiting for it. Again Ewing made a dive. A cloud of dust arose from the home plate, and when it cleared away Ewing was seen lying on the ground, his finger-tips touching the plate. The ball lay on the ground just behind him, and Catcher Flint, half blinded by the dust, was looking aimlessly about for it. A run had been scored for New York. The Chicagoes failed to score in their half of the inning, and thus one of the most brilliant and exciting games ever played on a ball field was credited to New York's deservedly famous nine by 1 to 0.

MRS. TRELON'S TROUBLE.

It was Mrs. Trelon's custom to breakfast on the wide veranda from the time spring was fairly out of swaddling-clothes until the autumn winds blew her back into the house. She was such a tiny, fragile old lady that a gentle gale could have wafted her away, coffee-cup in hand, but the light breeze that was stirring one September morning treated her tenderly. It lifted a corner of her fleecy shawl, it tossed a bright yellow maple leaf into her lap, and it even ventured to take some liberties with her white hair, but, on the whole, it forbore to play any impish tricks on the mistress of the Trelon homestead. She dwelt alone there; she could not be lured away by her married daughters to New York or Newport. She was waiting patiently for the day when her son should grow weary of roaming, and return to step into his father's shoes. Mrs. Trelon loved the fair domain that she had ruled over for so many years, but she was eager to abdicate in favor of her son's wife. Unluckily he had no wife; he did not seem to have any wish to step into his father's shoes, or bring a young mistress to the old homestead. He wandered aimlessly up and down the world, and the stamps on the letters he sent to his mother were as likely to be Russian or Turkish as French or German.

Mrs. Trelon was quite sure that a letter would come from him this morning, and while she sipped her coffee and broke her roll, her eyes strayed down the maple-shaded avenue to the gate. Round and round the great sloping lawn the gardener drove the mower, and he had reduced the space of unshorn grass to the size of a table-cloth when the coachman trotted a pursy cob toward the house. His clean, ruddy face was one broad smile as he alighted at the veranda. "A letter from Mr. Dick," he said. It was he who had taught Master Dick to throw a chubby leg over a pony's back. "And it's from London, and London ain't far away."

He gave the letter to his mistress, and then pretended to find something amiss with the saddle girth. He drew it up tighter, causing the fat cob to lay back his ears and nip the empty air; he let it out again, meanwhile glancing furtively at Mrs. Trelon over his shoulder. She had hardly begun to read the letter when she gave a soft, involuntary little cry.

"Nothing wrong, ma'am?" said the wily coachman.

"Thomas, he is coming home—Dick is coming home," cried Mrs. Trelon, in a tremor of excitement.

"I knew it soon as I set eyes on that letter," said Thomas, who always waited to hear the news, and always pretended to have guessed it from the postmark. "And when will he be here, ma'am?"

"In ten days—the *Servia*—the 3d of October—oh, Thomas!" and little Mrs. Trelon forgot herself so far as to wipe her eyes on her napkin. She was ashamed of her weakness, and looked sternly at Thomas, who mounted his cob and rode toward the stables, muttering something about Mr. Dick's needing new horses. Mrs. Trelon read the letter again, the hand that held the sheet of paper trembling a little, the eyes that scanned the lines filling with tears of joy.

"I shall be at home in ten days," Dick wrote, "probably on the 3d of the month, and you may pray for the safe passage of the *Servia*. It will, I hope, be the last time that I cross the sea for many a long day. I am tired of foreign lands; I am tired of roaming; I want to settle down. When a bachelor says that, it is rather suspicious, I suppose; it hints at white cockades and orange flowers and the march from *Lohengrin*. Perhaps—oh, the world is full of perhapses! Shall I confess something? During the past two or three years I have often thought that I was foolish to have run away from home as I did. Still, I was only a boy. Running away may have been the wisest thing to do, for if I had staid at home I should have been a boy until I was gray-haired—at least in the eyes of the neighbors. They may now regard me differently, but I dare say that some will remind me that day before yesterday I was trading marbles and flying kites. Nothing but matrimony will prove that I am really grown up, and I shall have to try that if a not impossible she may at last be persuaded to accept my heart and me. I wonder if my chances are any better than they were at three-and-twenty? At that age I was told to go forth and learn my own mind, and I obeyed. On my return I shall attempt to show that I have learned my own mind, and learned it thoroughly.

"There is such a comfort in writing to you; it is like talking to myself; I can be as egotistical as I please. It is natural that I should revert to the past when my thoughts turn homeward. I went away in a boyish pet; I return with a fixed determination; I have dilly-dallied long enough. This voyage shall end a matter that has caused me to roam up and down the world like a Wandering Jew. I am writing blindly, but you can read between the lines. When I think of seeing my sweet little mother again—"

Here the tears came so thick and fast that Mrs. Trelon could not read. She patted the sheet of paper tenderly. "My dear boy," she said, "my dear, dear boy." As she folded the letter to put it back into the envelope, a postscript on the fourth page caught her eye.

"P.S.—I met Joe Herrick in Paris the other day, and he told me that Dr. Murray was very sweet on Emily. Of course, if there had been anything in it, you would have told me."

"So," said Mrs. Trelon, lifting her delicate eyebrows, and nodding—"so it is Emily, after all? I knew it was somebody, and it is Emily. He might as well have told me outright."

She smiled at her boy's clumsy evasion as she re-read the letter. Of course it was Emily. He had been desperately in love with her at twenty-three, and now he wondered if his chances were any better. A thousandfold better. Emily had looked on him as an impetuous boy; she had told him to learn his own mind, and she would discover that he had learned it. She probably was sorry after she had sent him away, for she had refused several excellent offers. All the world knew—at least all the little world of Irvington knew—that Harry Ward had offered himself to her and had met with a refusal. Then there was George Leroy too. Oh, Emily could have been married had she wished, but she was waiting for Dick. She had only wanted to test his devotion. It was like Emily; she had romantic tendencies; she would fain put her lover to the proof. That they two should have fallen in love with each other was the most natural and delightful thing in the world, for they had grown up side by side, and were playmates when they toddled out of their nurses' arms. And if Mrs. Trelon had been given her choice of a daughter, her heart would first of all have turned toward Emily.

The girl who was sharing Mrs. Trelon's thoughts with Dick at this juncture walked swiftly across the lawn. She had come through a gap in the hedge that she and Dick had made years and years ago, and that was always kept open to admit of friendly intercourse between the Raynors and Trelons. Emily was a tall, stately girl, with a fresh face and large brown eyes. Not handsome, perhaps, was Mrs. Trelon's mental comment, but sweet and wholesome, and a gentlewoman from her crown of chestnut hair to the tips of her slender feet.

"Good-morning," Emily said. "Ah! that letter is from Dick; I am sure of it, although I did not so much as get a glimpse of his handwriting. It is your face that tells me. What is the good news?"

"He is coming home," said Mrs. Trelon; and she looked at Emily fixedly. Emily certainly changed color, and her eyes opened wider.

"Coming home? He is not ill?"

"No. He says he is tired of roaming; he wants to settle down."

Emily bent over and kissed Mrs. Trelon's brow. "I am so glad for you," she said.

"But you will be glad to see him too?" asked Mrs. Trelon, plaintively.

"Indeed I shall. Dick and I have been friends since we were babies."

"You used to be married to him every week," said Mrs. Trelon. "Your brother used to act as parson, but he could not read, and held the prayer-book upside down. Oh, Emily, you children were very happy together."

"Yes," said Emily, "as happy as children could be." She leaned back in the wicker chair, and looked absently at a clump of cedars. A pensive smile played about her lips, and an uncalled-for blush slowly mounted over her cheeks. "It seems a long time ago," she went on after a while. "I am almost twenty-six; I feel very old."

"Dick is only four months older," said Mrs. Trelon.

"Ah, but a woman of twenty-six and a man of twenty-six!" Emily exclaimed. "I dare say he will look upon me as quite a spinster; he will wonder if I have thought of the proverbial cat and tea. He must have made up his mind very hastily," she added—"I mean, to return home."

"No, I think he acted deliberately; although I confess he did not write to me that he had any thoughts of coming home. He will be here by the 3d."

"My birthday," said Emily.

And then another long pause ennsed. Mrs. Trelon could not restrain a smile when she saw Emily's earnest, preoccupied expression. There was a little wrinkle of anxiety between the girl's brows; clearly she was troubled about something. Mrs. Trelon stretched out her hand with a tender smile. "My dear," she said, "don't you suppose Dick told his mother?"

"I have often wondered," said Emily.

"He could not keep it from me," Mrs. Trelon continued. "He was very unhappy. It hurt him to think that you looked on him as a mere boy who acted wholly from impulse. And there is a stubborn streak in him. Otherwise he would not have staid away so long; but he was determined to prove that what you considered a boyish impulse was a deep and lasting affection."

"Oh, he would have fallen in love with any girl who lived next door," Emily said. "He has forgotten all that by this time."

"I am sure he has not forgotten; you will see; you will have to confess that you misjudged him."

The wrinkle between Emily's brows deepened. "Can you give me some flowers to decorate the Sunday-school room?" she said, irrelevantly. "That is my errand. You know there is to be a feast for the children to-morrow."

Mrs. Trelon donned her garden hat, and walked about the place with Emily. She strove to talk of something besides her son's return, but she could not. She made plans for the coming winter; she wondered whether he would join the cotillion circle. "He was always fond of dancing," she said.

"When he was twenty-three," Emily returned. "He is no longer a boy; he has changed, probably."

"I do not believe that he has changed in anything," said Mrs. Trelon. "Of course, as you say, he is no longer a boy, but you will find him less changed than you think; that is, at heart. I am prepared for some difference in his manner and appearance."

"Then you can promise me the flowers?" said Emily.

After she had gone, Mrs. Trelon mounted to the room on the second floor that had been Dick's den. Here were his yew bows, his gun cases, his tennis rackets, and his fencing foils. All about the oval mirror dangled german favors, and in the gilt frame were stuck tin-types of Emily and him taken together in every possible posture and costume. They were sitting on fences; they were sitting on rocks; they were sitting in boats. Here they appeared with their dogs, there they were on horseback. The tin-types carried them from fourteen to eighteen, but at eighteen Dick went to college, and the tin-type era was passed. Mrs. Trelon remembered well how Dick rather patronized Emily when he came home for the holidays, and confided to his mother that Emily ought to travel and see something of the world. She travelled to New York when she was twenty, and a winter there taught her in turn to look rather patronizingly on Dick, fresh from college. It did not take him long to find out that she was the loveliest girl in the world, but meanwhile Emily did not find out that Dick was the great man his mother thought him. She teased and tormented him for a year, and then bade him learn his mind. He had learned his mind; he was coming back to his mother and the girl he had always loved.

For a few days Mrs. Trelon was the happiest of women, but one afternoon she saw Emily drive past with Dr. Murray, and the sight alarmed her. Dr. Murray was the friend of all the Raynor family; he went to their house constantly to see Mrs. Raynor, who was an invalid, but it had not been his custom to drive Emily out. Could it be possible that there were grounds for Dick's suspicion? He had heard in Paris that Dr. Murray was a suitor for Emily's hand, while his mother, living next door, had seen nothing, had heard nothing. She was suddenly filled with misgivings, and when she a second time saw Emily seated beside Dr. Murray in his trim carriage, she resolved to learn the truth. Accordingly one evening she took Dick's letter and went to the Raynors', where she found Emily on the veranda with the obnoxious, clever, society-hating little doctor. He was not so very little, but he was stout, and middle-aged, and bald—not to be compared to a tall, slim man like Dick. He went away presently, and Mrs. Trelon, after trying in vain to find out what she wanted to know without asking a direct question, finally showed Emily the postscript to Dick's letter. "My dear, what shall I tell him?" she said.

"I have been engaged to Dr. Murray just a week," Emily answered, with perfect composure.

Mrs. Trelon was stunned. She sat silent for a long time, holding the letter in her nerveless fingers.

"Just a week," she repeated at last. "Then it was before you knew Dick was coming home? If you had known—"

"It would have made no difference," said Emily, with a soft little laugh. "Dear Mrs. Trelon, I am very sure Dick has forgotten his boyish love affair. He asks about me, of course, for I believe that he will always have the same warm affection for me that I shall always have for him. But he will not break his heart because Allen Murray is to marry me. No, no. He will wish me happiness, and laugh at the amatory episode of his youth."

"He will not laugh," said Mrs. Trelon, piteously. "Oh, Emily! how could you?"

"How could I fall in love with Allen? Because he is the best and noblest and dearest man in the world, I suppose. Does anybody know any better reason for falling in love?" And she laughed again, softly; but Mrs. Trelon looked very disconsolate, and was not to be comforted.

"My poor Dick!" she murmured.

As she went back home in the twilight the trill of the tree-toads and the sing-song of the frogs seemed fraught with new melancholy. Poor Dick! He would be with her in a few days, and the first news she must tell him would take all the joy out of his return. He wanted to settle down on the homestead, but he would never be contented with only an old mother for companion. He would wander away again, because Emily, whom he had hoped to win, had put herself beyond his reach forever. She had chosen a rotund, middle-aged man, who spent his days pouring nauseous stuff into people's mouths, who chuckled at his own jokes, who hated dancing—and Emily and Dick danced so well together! It would serve the girl right if Dr. Murray treated her badly; she had given Dick to understand that she would at least vouchsafe him a chance to prove his devotion, and now she withheld the reward; she made light of him; she probably laughed at him with Allen Murray.

The next three days were miserable ones for poor Mrs. Trelon.

"Foster has a saddle-horse that I'm thinking Mr. Dick will like to buy," said the coachman.

"He will want no saddle-horses," said Mrs. Trelon.

"Mr. Dick won't be pleased with the looks of the billiard-table," said the butler.

"He won't touch a cue," said Mrs. Trelon.

"I am glad I put up an extry lot o' currant jelly," said the cook, "for Mr. Dick was always fond o' my jelly."

"He won't taste the jelly," said Mrs. Trelon.

Whereupon the coachman and the butler and the cook met in council, and decided that Mr. Dick must have been up to something very bad.

Mrs. Trelon wondered how she should break the news to her son. Would he ask her about Emily forthwith? or would he learn the truth from Emily's own lips? She had not answered this question to her own satisfaction, she had not laid out a plan of conduct, when a telegram came from Dick. He was in New York; he would be at home that evening. Then minor considerations were swallowed up in the great thought of dinner for him. All the best silver and china and glass was brought out; a bottle of champagne was put in the ice; a bottle of claret was stood in the sunshine. Mrs. Trelon wished she could tell whether the wine were corky or not; she had no faith in the butler, and at twenty-three Dick had been apt to find the claret corky.

At last, dressed in a shimmery gray silk, Mrs. Trelon sat in the drawing-room, and awaited her son's coming in a sort of stony despair. The carriage wheels crunched on the gravel, a cheery voice sang out "All right!" the hall door opened, and then Mrs. Trelon was clasped in Dick's arms. She sobbed helplessly, and he smiled tenderly as he rebuked her for the weakness that made him love her the better. He had a thick mustache now, and there was an authoritative air about him; he was a boy no longer.

"You have not grown a day older," he said as he drew his mother's hand through his arm and led her to the dining-room. "This is the place for people who want to keep young. I passed Emily Rayner as I drove from the station, and—why, what is it, mother?"

"Nothing, Richard. And how did Emily look to you?"

"As young and sweet as she did when I fell in love with her twenty years ago."

Mrs. Trelon stifled a sigh. "You were always fond of Emily."

"And I always shall be," Dick said, "although I thought she treated me badly once; but she was wiser than I, after all. It was quite right of her to test the love of twenty-three. I shall tell her that; I shall endeavor to show my gratitude for her advice. I must go and see Emily to-morrow, bless her dear heart!"

His face softened as he said this, and his lips parted in a smile of perfect happiness. Mrs. Trelon gathered up her courage; she was about to tell him Emily's fate, when Dick suddenly began to talk of his voyage.

"Such a delightful run!" he said. "The ship was crowded, to be sure, and the beef they gave us was abominable; but what is beef when the sea and sky smile at each other, and a man has nothing to do but lie on a rug and think of future bliss? A most entertaining occupation. I need not tell you; you too have been in Arcadia, as the poets and novelists say."

He was so serenely happy that Mrs. Trelon made up her mind that she could not tell him of Emily's faithlessness. There had been no promises made, but he had trusted her, and now—

"Shall we go into the library?" said Dick, when dinner was over. "I want to talk to you," he continued, leading her into the cheerful, book-lined room. "I don't suppose I shall surprise you, for if my letter was blind, it was tell-tale enough. You could guess, couldn't you?"

"It was easy to guess, Dick."

"I was sure it would be. You see, I have been in love with her so long, although I never wrote much about her to you."

"That was not necessary," said Mrs. Trelon, with a wan smile.

"And then I was not sure whether I was making the voyage in vain or not," Dick went on, "but before Queenstown was quite out of sight she rewarded me for following her across the sea. I have been chasing her these two years—up the Nile, down the Rhine, over the Alps, and now back to New York. I have caught her at last. It is Rose Ammon, old Judge Ammon's daughter. You and her mother used to be great friends. Here is a photograph of her, but it is a wretched portrait. You get no idea from this of her hair and eyes, and as for the expression about her mouth—"

CHARLES DUNNING.

REMOVING PILGRIM ROCK.

A DANGEROUS obstacle to the navigation of the East River has lately been removed. At various times for some years there has been reported a rock in the East River, somewhere between the gas-works on Sixteenth Street and Bellevue Hospital. A few years ago a heavily laden Philadelphia collier, bound east, reported that she had struck something in this vicinity, and lost one of the blades of her screw. Numerous soundings, taken for half a mile up and down the river, failed to discover anything but an old wreck, and this was buoyed, and believed to be the alleged rock. In the summer of 1884 the Fall River steamer *Pilgrim* proved conclusively that there was a rock there, and a very dangerous one at that, by striking it. A gash a hundred feet long was cut through her outer skin, and had she not been built with an inner water-tight sheathing, she must have sunk.

A vigorous search was at once instituted for the rock that had done the mischief, and this time it was found. In honor of its latest victim it was named Pilgrim Rock. It lay in the middle of the channel, directly off the end of Nineteenth Street, and was found to be about sixty feet long, very narrow at its base, and rising to an edge only a few inches wide.

The great steam drilling scow belonging to the government was brought down from Hell Gate, where she had been destroying Pot Rock, and the new work of demolition was quickly begun. As the rock reared its head to within thirteen feet of the surface at low water, it was necessary to cut it down thirteen feet to give the required channel depth of twenty-six feet. This work was completed during last winter, and the obstruction has ceased to exist.

The process of excavation is illustrated on page 548, and may be briefly described. In the middle of the drilling scow is a well from which rises an iron dome, thirty feet in diameter at its base, that may be lowered into the water at will. Its surface is perforated by a number of iron pipes or tubes that extend down a short distance. Through these tubes immense drills, weighing 1200 pounds each are lowered to the rock; when adjusted to the proper position they are raised and dropped, with a fall of eighteen inches, until by their own great weight they have bored a hole eight or ten feet deep into the solid rock. Long tin canisters containing heavy charges of dynamite are then inserted in these holes, and exploded by means of electricity.

Most of the time the tide rushes over the spot like a mill-race, and it would have been impossible for a man to withstand it; but at slack water, ebb or flood, divers could work in it for an hour or two at a time. Therefore at these stages of the tide two monstrous figures clambered clumsily over the side of the scow, dropped into the water, and instantly disappeared beneath its oily surface. They were government divers, clad in complete armor, and when they reached the bottom they groped around in the densest darkness for the pieces of shattered rock, which they piled into an iron scoop that had been lowered to them. The next stage of the process is a signal to the men on the scow by means of a jerk on the life lines; the great derrick begins to work, and presently hoists to the light the ton or so of rock they collected. Two such loads were all that could be obtained during each time of slack water, and then the divers must come up, or be swept off their feet. Three smart jerks at the life lines attached to their waists announce that they are ready; the men on deck haul in vigorously, and the uncouth figures again appear. After divesting themselves of their heavy leaden belts, clumsy leaden-soled boots, immense copper helmets, and other cumbrous paraphernalia, they may rest or amuse themselves as they please for the succeeding four or five hours.

Besides rock, the divers sent up many curious things that had been clutched from passing vessels by this ambushed enemy. Among these spoils were over two hundred pounds of copper sheathing, crumpled like so much waste-paper, a great propeller blade, probably the very one lost by the Philadelphia collier, and various shapeless and broken pieces of iron, besides broken anchors and bits of chain.

LAKE SUPERIOR SUMMER RESORTS.

NOWHERE else, perhaps, on the American continent—certainly at no other accessible place—is there such a diversity of landscape or opportunity for such a variety of pleasures and sports for the summer wanderer as on the southern coast of Lake Superior. There you have an inland sea, the views that its islands and picturesque cliffs afford, fishing and rowing and sailing; you are within sight of mountains down which bold streams rush, alive with trout; and a dense forest well stocked with game is within easy reach. Along with the scenery and the pleasures of sea and forest and mountains, there are, too, in this wild region such ancient historical relics as no other popular resort, except St. Augustine, in Florida, can boast of. And not least of all the advantages of a summer by the lake is the modest behavior of the thermometer there.

The attractions of the Lake Superior region as a summer resort were first made widely known by the graceful articles of Miss CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON, and since the publication of her descriptive stories the fame of the region has steadily grown. The central of these inland watering-places is Ashland, now become quite a little city since it was made the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is also the northern terminus of the Wisconsin Central Railway, which runs northward from Milwaukee. Before you reach Ashland you pass through the vast forest which even yet is almost inviolate.

Using Ashland as a base for excursions, one can spend the whole summer in pleasure trips without seeing the same scenes twice. Across the mouth of the beautiful bay extend the Apostle Islands, twenty-four in number, with their picturesque declivities and inlets. It was on Madelaine Island that MARQUETTE established his chapel, in the village of La Pointe, which was founded two centuries ago, and which for a long time during a later period had commercial celebrity as the head-quarters of the American Fur Company. The old pier built during this period by ASTOR is not yet wholly a ruin, and the building, of odd architecture, in which MARQUETTE preached, still stands, and is now a part of a newer and larger church.

Bayfield, too, is already a well-known resort. A commanding view of the bay and the islands may be had from almost any cottage in the village, for they all look out toward the lake from the hill-side on which they are built. It is called the "village of fountains"—very appropriately, too, because almost every cottage has its spring, numbers of which flow out of the hill-side and make constant little streams through the village. At Bayfield, as well as at La Pointe, Franciscan monks remind one of the ancient establishment of the order in the West. The half-breed fishermen and the full-blooded Indians who frequent the village relieve the monotony of population which the lumbermen and tradesmen would give it.

From Ashland another delightful excursion is to the great palisades of the north shore, the mines of Silver Islet, Thunder Cape, and the copper mines of Keweenaw Point. To the east of Ashland and below the mouth of the bay is Odanah, by which Bad River, full of trout, rushes between picturesque shores; and in the marshes a novel sight is that of the Indians gathering rice. Higher up, where the river rushes over precipices and winds among the hills, the railroad crosses it seventeen times in nine miles.

Back in the forest game is almost as abundant as it was two hundred years ago, and deer-shooting is the great land sport of the region. These watering-places are sufficiently well patronized to afford every comfort that tourists desire, yet they have been frequented for so short a period that their surroundings are wild and their natural attractions are not yet marred.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

ONE of the curiosities of newspaper literature is the ever-increasing size of its snakes. The rattlesnake has grown with irrepressible persistency during the last fifteen years. Last year, in Pike County, Pennsylvania, he led the anaconda by a trifle. This year he is still considerably larger. A young lady in Missouri, flushed with dancing, stepped upon a vine-covered veranda. A bird-cage hung amid the vines. She tapped lightly upon the wires, wishing to attract the attention of the inmate. As she did so an enormous rattlesnake encircled her wrist and glided down her arm. She fell in a swoon. The snake coiled himself upon her bosom, and sounded his rattle; but he did not strike. Just then the dance music broke forth in its liveliest strains; the snake paused, listened, unwound himself, and glided peacefully away in its direction. The young lady was not stung, but she did not escape serious injury. Three of her ribs were broken by the enormous weight of the reptile, and she certainly would have been crushed to death had the music not drawn him so speedily away!

Report comes from the West of a man the bones of whose legs—notwithstanding the legs themselves are seemingly strong and quite shapely—break whenever he attempts to stand upon them. He has visible means of support, but lacks the necessary invisible.

A New York diver has recently made to a reporter a brace of statements which would hardly be believed if a diver had not made them. He says that the water all about New York, unlike water anywhere else, is pitch-dark, he supposes on account of the sewage, and that all the work of the divers is done by the sense of touch. That is the reason, he says, that New York divers are at the top of their profession and are called all over the world. "Put them in clear water, and their work seems child's play to them. They can work twice as fast there as divers from elsewhere. But get a diver from elsewhere—for instance, an English diver—here, and he can't do a stroke of work."

Again, this diver, in speaking of great dangers which the craft are called upon to meet, names the swift tides and currents. Between Governor's and Bedloe's islands, he says, there is a tremendous tide. Just there lies an iron ship, sunk in collision with a steamer. "No diver can work on her except during the one hour of slack water. The tide would snap hose and life-lines as if they were threads, and the diver would perish." If the idea is to get the iron ship out of the channel, it would seem as though there were no need of divers, and that the tide itself would do the business in tolerably short order. But a diver ought to know, and he has no more motive for yarning than has any man who leads a seafaring life.

Herr A. Weikhoff says that "man, by afforestation and disafforestation, can modify the climate around him." That's neat, and it seems as though it were something that somebody ought to learn in the New York summer-time.

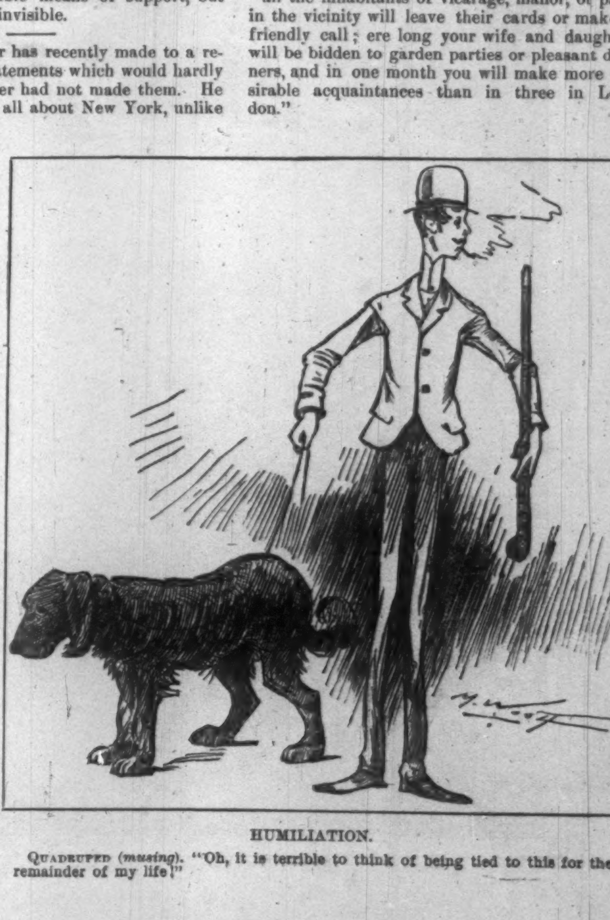
If the report came from the West, it would be considered a playful stroke of fancy, but *Nature* is authority for the declaration that "the eels of the ponds in the woods of Vincennes leave the ponds every spring in large numbers, making their way to the Seine or the Marne, several kilometers distant. They take advantage of rainy weather, when the herbage is wet, and their instinct guides them directly to their destination." And such emigration by eels and other fishes is not uncommon elsewhere, *Nature* says. "Thus in the marshes of Picardy eels are often found on the grass going from one pond to another."

An English inventor has patented a gunpowder which "is to be manufactured in liquid form, and evaporated when required for use"—an interesting sort of gunpowder, one would think, if a man were at peace and had plenty of time, but awkward if the man were harassed by an immediate and blood-thirsty enemy whose powder was evaporated already.

An Irishman in North Adams, Massachusetts, recently applied for a divorce, giving as a reason that he and his wife could not speak the same language, she speaking only Irish and he only English. They had done their courting through an interpreter, the applicant's sister, but she being no longer with the couple, they were unable to communicate with each other except by signs. Tastes vary; Rip Van Winkle would never have made such a complaint.

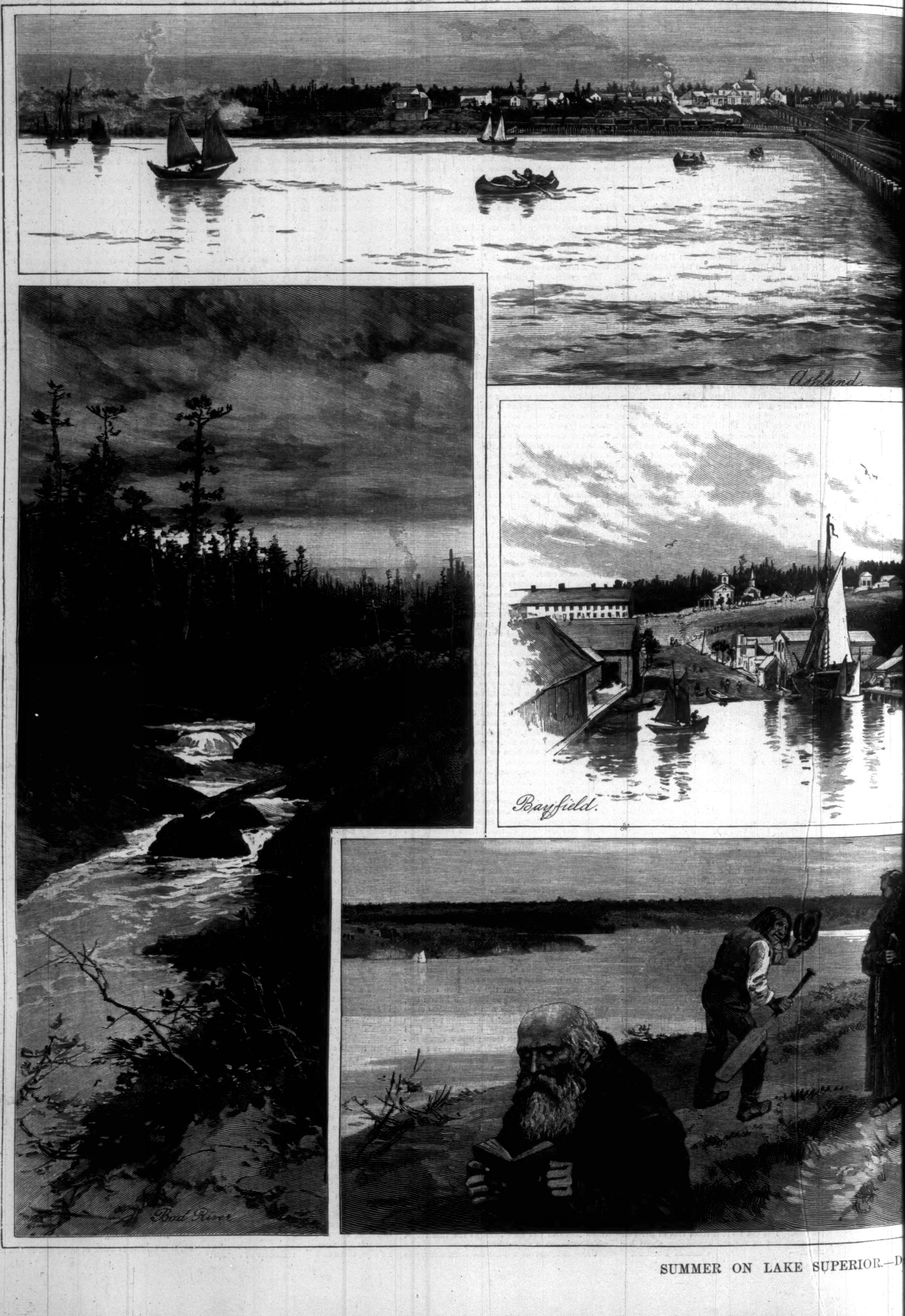
A blind clock-maker in Europe has constructed a hollow copper ball, 126 feet in diameter, in imitation of the earth. It is said that two men were employed for a whole year in painting it, which indicates that its coloring is as varied and intricate as that of the most ambitious map; that it turns on an axis, and has a moon of regular habits, and a calcium-light for a sun; that a railroad car capable of carrying six persons spins over its upper part in such a way as to afford a good view of the north pole; that it weighs a ton and a half, and that its maker had in constructing it no purpose in particular.

A newspaper correspondent writing from England says that Americans who want to get into desirable English society make a mistake in settling down in London, either at such a hotel as the Langham or in one of the smaller private hotels which have been "patronized by the nobility and even by royalty," or even in a private rented house in Mayfair. The true course of the American family in search of suitable society, the correspondent says, is to hire a country-seat in one of the "park-like counties of Kent, Surrey, or Berkshire." In such a place there is everything to make the English summer enjoyable, and before the Americans have been a week installed, "all the inhabitants of vicarage, manor, or park in the vicinity will leave their cards or make a friendly call; ere long your wife and daughter will be bidden to garden parties or pleasant dinners, and in one month you will make more desirable acquaintances than in three in London."

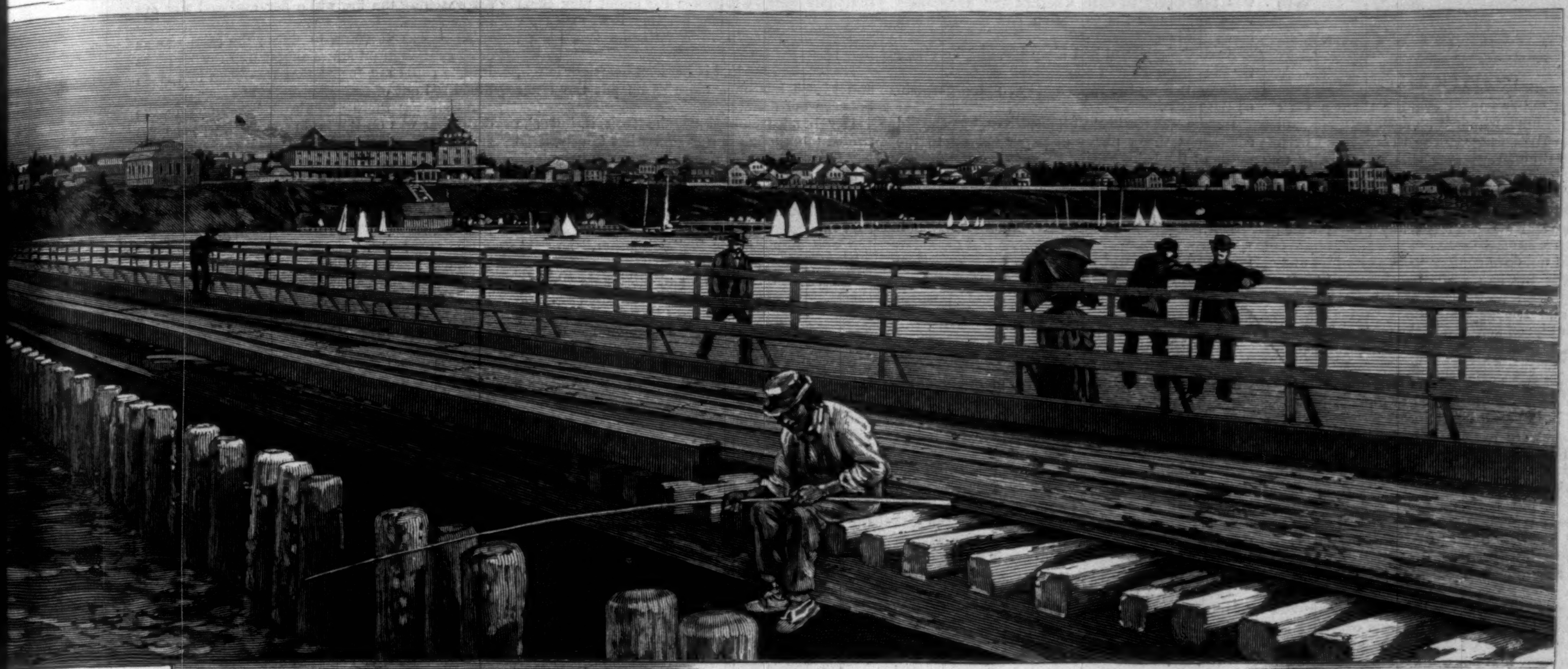


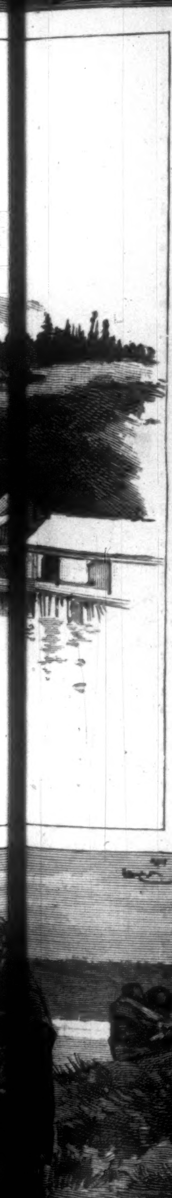
HUMILIATION.

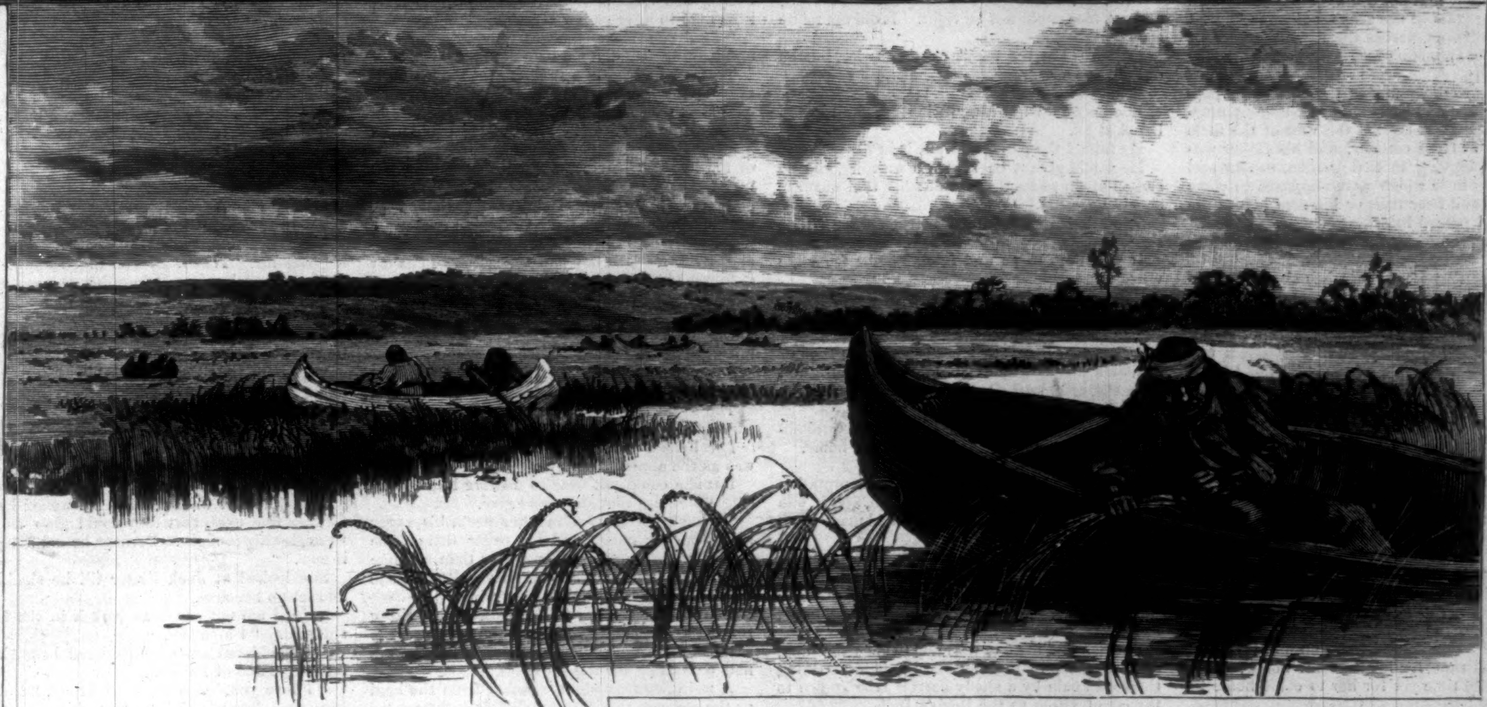
QUADRUPED (*musing*). "Oh, it is terrible to think of being tied to this for the remainder of my life!"


Ashland
Bayfield
Bad River

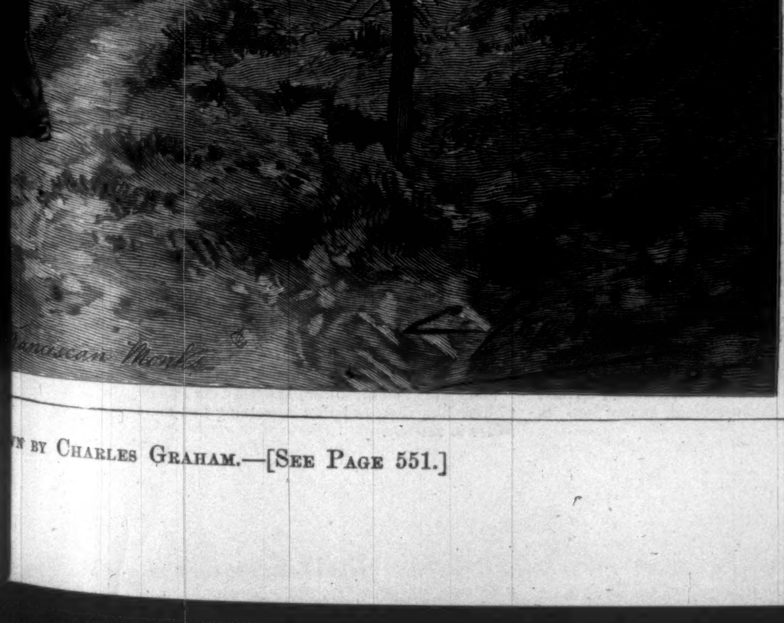
SUMMER ON LAKE SUPERIOR.—D



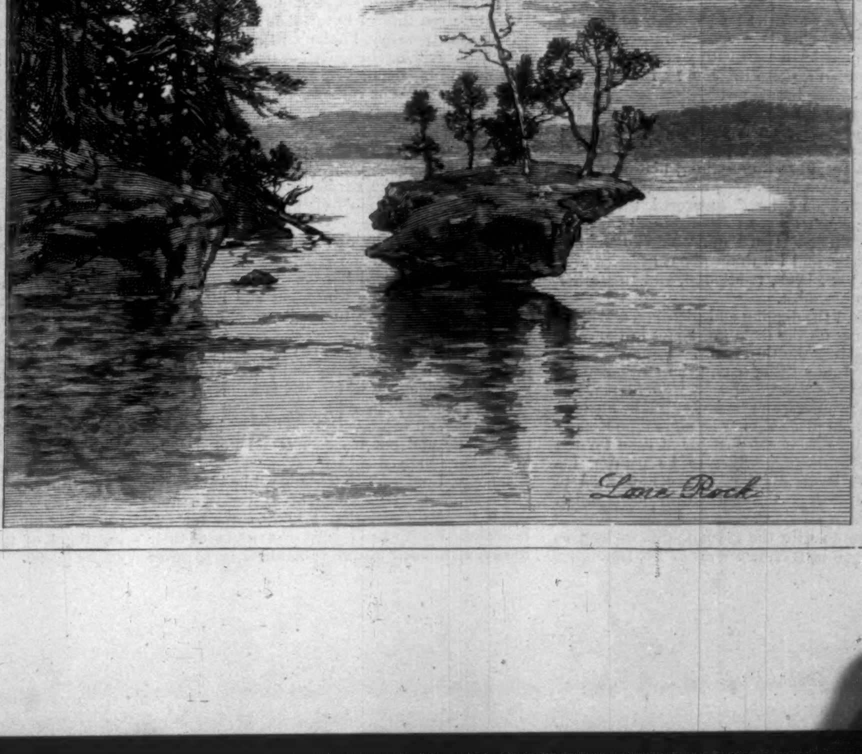




Indians gathering wild rice.



ranciscan Monks



Lone Rock

N BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 551.]

PAUL CREW'S STORY.*

By ALICE COMYNS CARR,

Author of "La Fortunina," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a sultry sunset evening about a week after the day upon which Widow Mallett had paid her visit to the cottage. The weather had been heavy and thunderous ever since, depressing to the spirits and ominous for the crops.

The farmers spent most of their time looking at the sky, in fear and trembling lest the waters should descend and ruin the hops, upon which their hopes were set.

Paul did not dare confess to his wife how anxious he was, but she, with the shrewdness of a woman, guessed pretty well at the state of his feelings, and tried, by all the gentle ways for which Paul loved her, and in the most unconcerned way in the world, to administer hope and comfort.

And Paul had by no means lost hope yet; he would not have acknowledged to himself that he was even in the least nervous.

The hops were nearly ready for picking. In another fortnight the pickers would all be at work, and the valleys alive with their camps and fires—and what could happen in a fortnight?

For there had been no rain as yet. Storms were rumored upon the French coast, and the cone had been hoisted in the northwestern districts; but there had been no real alarm nearer home, and there was no reason to think that there would be.

The sea lay at a dead calm, with nothing but the shadows of the still gray clouds overhead to vary its surface, while beneath their grayness the air was so clear that one could see the light-house upon the far point of the gray mud-marsh, almost amazingly distinct, across the wide stretches of sad, sullen marsh-land, and yellow, monotonous sand.

Johnnie was busy among the golden sea-poppies that grew amid the shingle, building mud-castles in the sand beyond the wall of the little back garden of the cottage; and his father was busier still, digging in that garden, to sow and plant things in it which were supposed to come up or grow and bear fruit or blossom before the autumn had passed into winter.

Phœbe had gone to the village. Her mother was ailing.

Ever since that afternoon when she had walked down through the scorching sun to see her son-in-law, Widow Mallett had been ailing.

They all said it was no wonder, and perhaps it *was* no wonder indeed; but, all the same, it was none the easier to bear, and she did not bear it well.

She lay in her bed, with her face turned to the wall, and cried silently; and Phœbe could do nothing to comfort her or to rouse her.

Nevertheless she went.

Paul told her that it was her duty to go; and so, indeed, it was, and she did it.

She went every day, and saw the doctor when he came, and heard that there was no cause for alarm, and that it was only weakness; and she did all that there was to be done, and only left when Paul and the child wanted her most at home, and when she could safely leave a neighbor in charge.

Paul and Johnnie used to go up and fetch her when it was time for her to come home; but it was not quite time yet for her to come home to-night.

Paul dug away in his garden, turning up the soil and breaking the clods and trimming the plants and the borders, and Johnnie labored outside, making his breeches and pinafore in a rare mess, and slowly reducing his face and hands to the color of the ingredients of his mortar pot.

"Father," cried he, presently, rising suddenly from his occupation and running toward the wall, "will you let me go fishing with Jack Foster to-night? The tide will be right at nine."

"What, after dark, my boy?" asked the father. "Jack will be busy."

"No; Jack says if we fish round by the point it will be all right. Oh, do, father!"

"Why, you'll be abed and asleep hours before," laughed Paul.

"Not I," declared the boy, sturdily; "I can stay awake if I like. Let me go?"

"We must ask mother. I don't know what she will say."

"Oh, mother would let me go, she is so fond of Jack. She says he is a second father to me. And she would let me go with you fast enough, so why shouldn't she with him? Besides, you can make mother let me go!"

"Nay, nay, laddie," said Paul, seriously; "I never made mother do anything yet she didn't want to do. I wouldn't try for worlds. And you wouldn't want to do anything mother didn't wish. You love mother?"

"Oh yes, I love her," answered the child, doubtfully; "but I want to go fishing."

"Well, we'll see," said Paul. "You go and finish your castle, and I'll think about it."

Johnnie went back, re-assured, and the father returned to his work.

He finished the digging and planting, and then began tidying up the little grass-plot in the middle and weeding the tiny paths.

It was a funny little, trim, prim garden to be set there in the middle of that wild marsh, but Paul loved trimness, and he was specially anxious that the whole place should be more than usually trim now, because it was just about time for the Captain from head-quarters to be making his rounds, and Paul would not have liked him to turn up and find the garden in poor order. Though, to be sure, his visit would have nothing on earth to do with the garden, and, so long as he found the boats in proper repair and all the arrangements of the calling to his satisfaction, he was not likely to care whether the hollyhocks were abloom or the carnation had more or less buds.

Nevertheless Paul had his pride, and he chose that his little domain should look its best.

So he tied up the roses and swept and garnished the paths.

Phœbe was the best of housewives, but she did sometimes throw pieces of paper out on to the paths of the back garden.

He saw one fluttering now in the little sultry breeze that had risen.

It escaped him once, but he caught it at last.

It was a scrap of a letter in Phœbe's own handwriting—the handwriting which he had helped to form after they had been married; Phœbe had had but little chance of schooling before.

He smoothed it out in his hand and spread it upon the garden wall to read it.

He smiled as he read.

The letter was about himself—there was no doubt of it, it was about himself. It was not easy to make it out, for the writing, none of the finest at best, was torn and marred, blurred with wet and smeared with earth.

It must have lain there a long time, for it had not rained for many a day.

"—he has been so good to me," it began, from the corner of its torn edge; "all these years he has been so good to me; ever since he took me, a foolish child, who did not know what she was doing. He is the best husband that ever a woman had, and I respect him and honor him more than any man in this world."

There was a rent in the paper here, and below a few more words, more blurred and more illegible than the rest.

Paul tried, but he could not make them out.

"No, no; I love him too," they seemed to read, and yet *that* could not be right. It did not make sense.

He looked at the words once or twice, but he did not try long.

What did it matter?

Phœbe would tell him, if, indeed, she remembered at all.

He folded the paper and put it in his pocket.

He would give it back with a warning, and he smiled again as he thought of what that warning should be.

The kitchen clock in-doors struck seven feeble strokes.

It was time to go and fetch Phœbe from the village.

"Come, Johnnie," called he; "come and let me wash your face. It's time to go for mother."

The child ran forward gladly.

Time to go for mother was a very nice time of day, and he was quite content to stand still and have the mud washed off and a clean pinafore slipped on over his clothing.

But when the father and son got to grandmother's cottage, mother had already gone home.

It was their own fault.

Paul had not been able to resist the temptation of going round by the hop plantation, and it was a good step farther, and of course had made them late.

But they would soon overtake mother upon the road.

They did not overtake mother. It was she who overtook them. She came hurrying along, breathless, and very pale.

She had had to go to the shop to get something, and had come by the mill and the fields, striking the road again by a shady narrow lane known to the country folk as the Devil's Dell.

It was farther, but she had thus got a breath of fresh air on the crest of the hill.

"Poor mother," said Paul, tenderly, "she must want a breath of fresh air badly, cooped up all day in that bedroom. It isn't much like the spree we meant to take up to London town with Jack, is it? Well, well, we can't just have everything to our minds, but we'll have our fun sooner or later, don't you make any mistake about that."

Phœbe looked up at him.

"Yes; and the more you look like that the more I shall think you want the change," insisted Paul, struck by the more than usually pathetic look in the great brown eyes. "Come, there's no occasion to look so sad, sweetheart," added he, kindly. "It will all come right soon; and your mother will be about and you as bright and as brave as a new pin again. But there, I won't scold you, though indeed I've good cause," he went on, with a cunning look, taking the letter out of his pocket. "What do you think I have found here?"

If it were possible, Phœbe's pale face grew a shade paler still, as she looked at the paper which Paul held in his hand.

"What is it?" she rather whispered than said.

"Ah, what is it?" repeated he, teasing her. "Now wouldn't you like to know?"

Phœbe did not speak. She seemed to be struck dumb.

"I found it in the garden when I was tidying up against the Captain's visit," continued Paul. "That's how your secrets leak out, you know, letting your letters fly about the world like that, for every one to see."

"Secrets?" faltered Phœbe.

Her lips were quite white, but she lifted her great eyes once more to Paul's face, and kept them there steadfastly.

There was a smile upon the husband's face—just the same sweet kindly smile that it always wore in its moments of fun and merriment.

"Yes, secrets!" he repeated.

But then, all in a moment, he dropped his bantering tone and put his arm round Phœbe and kissed her fondly.

"There, I oughtn't to tease her," he said. "I don't think there *is* much of a secret in how much a certain wife that I know cares for her husband. Only, when people write praise of their husbands to their sisters or mothers or whoever it may be, they oughtn't to leave the letters flying about the world; because, you know, some girl that they weren't intended for might pick them up and begin to wonder whether it was all true, and perhaps begin to envy some folk's good luck!"

He laughed again, his loudest, heartiest laugh, and kissed her once more as he put the letter between her fingers.

Her hand trembled as she took it, but she smiled too, though it was somewhat faintly.

"It *was* foolish of me," she said. "I won't do it again."

The child, who had been looking up at them with wide-open, curious eyes, laughed as Phœbe said this.

"You aren't never foolish, mother," he said. "It's only boys who are foolish."

"Ay, Johnnie, that's about it," laughed his father. "We mustn't dare say the women are foolish if we think it ever so. But we don't think mother is foolish. She's a good little mother, bless her."

Paul passed his wife's arm beneath his as he said this, and led her down the hill. Before them, beyond the gloomy marsh, the sea lay dead and dull, with the moon rising slowly between pillars of purple cloud.

The land and the sea and the heavens were dull, but the moon was blood-red—a ball of molten fire in the sullen sky.

It was not the red of sunset; it was redder than the most crimson sun that ever set in the west; its color was not the color of flame, brilliant and dazzling, it was opaque and lurid—the color of blood.

"See," said Paul, "how red the moon rises. "'Tis a bad sign, they say."

To see the moon rise thus was not a common sight. But it was not so uncommon but that Phœbe had seen it before. To-night, however, it seemed to impress her afresh.

"Yes," she repeated, mournfully, standing still and looking at it, "it's a bad sign, they say."

That night Phœbe sat alone in the cottage, waiting for Paul to come home. He had gone out: up to the hill to look at the weather, and down to the shore upon his rounds; pacing the beach on either side until he met the coast-guards of the stations to right and to left of him, and heard that all was safe. He had grown more anxious and more engrossed by the weather than ever since he had had the hops on his mind.

Phœbe had been out on the sea with Foster and her boy. The boy had had a hard fight for it to get his way, but he had got it in the end, as he usually did. Paul had interceded for him.

"If you go too, mother, he won't come to any harm," he had said. "There, just for once. It's hot weather, and the mists won't be heavy."

So the mother had given in, but she had had her misgivings.

The mists from the marsh rose none the less surely because they were so soft and light.

For herself she feared nothing, but the boy was as the apple of her eye.

But she could not bear to deprive him of one single pleasure that she could give.

To have his arms round her neck, his eager kisses on her cheek, and his eager little voice declaring that he loved her better than any one else in the whole world—to have all that, she would have done anything—anything!

The shore had been full of fisher-folk waiting for the boats, and, out beyond the shallows, the sea had been studded with boats taking in the nets or waiting for the shoal.

A weird, strange sight, whether from the land or the sea, was this gathering of dark figures beneath a sky fast gathering into storm—some of them standing, half naked, in the water, their swarthy faces illumined by fitful moonlight or by the flickering light of the torches which they carried to light them in their work; some of them but half discernible in the mystery of half-darkness beyond.

But Foster had not put out among the crowd.

Perhaps he would scarcely have been welcomed in their midst, for the coast-guardsmen were not supposed to fish for gain, only for the necessities of their own consumption.

Anyhow, Foster had persuaded Johnnie that the fish would come much faster out beyond the point; and beyond the point, upon the track of Foster's own beat of shore, they had gone.

Johnnie had sat in the stern, with the flare of the great torch which was lit there flaming upon his ruddy curls as he leaned over the edge of the boat, eagerly watching the net.

Phœbe sat in the bow, rowing them slowly about in the strange, solemn light of a moon beset with soft gray clouds, that cradled it tenderly whenever it stole into their midst, or floated it aloft into the clearer heavens whenever it passed their limits.

Phœbe looked weird too, sitting there silently in the mingled lurid light of the torch-light and the moon, pulling the oars quietly with her strong straight arms and her strong lithe young figure—weird and very beautiful.

Foster must have thought so too, for it was Johnnie who played at fishing, while he sat and looked at the oarswoman.

Johnnie fell asleep soon, and then there was no one to fish at all.

The other two had sat silent, gazing into one another's dark eyes, while the moon looked solemnly and pitifully down.

The clouds had shrouded the moon quite over now that Phœbe sat alone in the cottage.

She sat listening to the regular breathing of the boy, who slept calmly in the room within, and gave herself up to her thoughts.

They were not happy thoughts, to judge from her attitude.

She sat crouching, with her hands clasped round her knees, and her forehead leaning against the lintel of the chimney-piece, gazing into its empty grate.

They were not such happy thoughts as those she had had that night six months ago when she sat watching the fire while her husband was out in the storm.

There was no storm to-night; the calm was as dead as though no storm might be brewing; but Phœbe could not forget that the moon had risen blood-red out of the sea.

As she sat there alone with her thoughts, the door, that was on the latch for Paul, was thrown suddenly open, and Jack Foster came into the kitchen.

She rose with a start, and stood looking at him.

The chair upon which she had been sitting was between them.

She stood with her hands resting on the back of it, and looked at him.

Her eyes glowed like two coals of fire, and her lips trembled with a strange smile.

"So you have come," she said at last, with a kind of fierce joy. "You have come again, after all?"

"Yes," said he, gloomily.

She laughed her little, low laugh. Then she sighed; a quick, impatient, heart-broken sigh.

"Why have you come?" she asked. "Paul will miss you at your place, and I told you not to come."

"Why, Phœbe, why?" asked he, in reply, with a bitter, terribly bitter, tone in his clear young voice. "Why? You know well enough why. Because I can't help it? You say I played with you long ago and spurned you. You have your revenge now. You can do what you like with me. You can make a fool of me; you can make a scoundrel of me."

"I don't want to do that," she said, in a hurried, feverish kind of way. "You know I don't want to do that."

"No, I know you don't want to," said the young man, in a hoarse, sullen voice. "But it's too late. You have played with fire—and now it's too late.

"No, no, no; it isn't too late," cried she, putting up her hands to her ears as though to shut out the sound of the words. "I haven't played with anything. I've been in earnest all the time, and I've tried to be good; you know it, and it isn't too late."

"It is too late," repeated Foster, doggedly, "and you know it well enough."

"I don't know it—I don't know it," she said again, in the same low, desperate voice. "I only know that Paul is good and generous, and that he loves me. That is all—all that I know."

She waved her hands from her as though she would waft away all that she would not have near her, even in thought.

But Foster strode across to her and seized her by the wrist.

"It is not true," he muttered, fiercely. "You know something else too. Only you won't look it in the face. You women will never look anything in the face."

She turned upon him and seemed to look him through and through with her great black eyes, that glowed like coals of fire.

Paul had not known, when he wooed Phœbe for her fine eyes, that they could glow as they were glowing to-night. Perhaps he did not guess it now.

She looked at Jack Foster till he shuddered and let go her arm.

"No, I am not afraid to look it in the face," she said. "I love you."

He shuddered again—shuddered beneath the burning flame of her eyes.

"I love you," she repeated, firmly, "and you love me. But what I say is, it isn't too late. Do you hear?—it isn't too late. Ah, go!" she whispered, vehemently. "Didn't I tell you up there on the hill to-night that you must go? Didn't I tell you that I would never see you again like this? Why did you make him force me to go in the boat with you? It was you who did it. But still, I say, it is not too late. He loves me. To-night he picked up a bit of my letter to you, but he guessed nothing—nothing. He loves me. It is not too late. You must go at once."

She moved toward the door, but he sprang after her as a panther springs after its prey.

"No, I will not go," he said, with an oath. "I have nowhere to go to, and if I could I would not go. You led me on with those eyes of yours when I didn't want to come. And now I *have* come, and it is too late. I said just now you could do what you liked with me, but you can't do that—you can't make me go."

Again he seized her by the wrist, by both wrists—then by the waist.

She did not struggle.

Her bosom rose and fell.

But suddenly from the inner room there came a cry.

Paul heard it as he passed along the beach in the opposite direction, and said to himself that Phœbe was there.

And Phœbe *was* there—alone with her child.

CHAPTER XIII.

Phœbe's fear had not been unreasonable when she had told her husband that it was rash to take the child out upon the sea after dark. Little Johnnie took a cold and sickened.

When Paul had come home that night at day-break, wearied with watching the weather, and, strange to say, not quite in his usual sweet temper, he had found Phœbe pale and sad, with great mournful, burning eyes, holding the boy on her lap.

Paul had been vexed when he came in, ostensibly because Foster had not been at his post, but really because the weather looked worse than ever and he was anxious; but when he saw his wife's face, all thoughts of himself vanished.

Something bad must have happened for Phœbe to look like that, and that something bad must relate to the boy.

---

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1490.

He had soon learned that it did relate to the boy.

With a strange, hard ring in her voice, and a strange, pitiful look in her beautiful eyes, Phœbe had looked up at her husband as he came in, and had said, with a kind of sad hopelessness:

"Johnnie has taken the chill. He is going to be very bad."

Paul had tried to contradict this assertion and to give comfort, but Phœbe had been right.

Johnnie *had* been very bad.

They had had to have the doctor, and the doctor had looked grave, and Phœbe had sat by the boy's little cot, or crouching by the fire with him upon her lap, this close August weather, for ten days and more without a rest.

She had not chosen to leave her darling for a moment; no, not even to go to her own mother, who lay a-dying.

For Widow Mallett had died during those ten days that Johnnie lay ill.

She had turned her face to the wall and had died.

Nobody had been able to rouse her.

Paul had been to see her, but she had only lain and looked at him sadly and had said nothing.

Nothing, until the end.

Just before she died she had turned to him, and, taking hold of his hand with a spasmodic action, she had whispered fiercely, "Paul Crew, will you promise me to forgive? Swear it to me! Swear it to me before I die!"

Paul had sworn readily.

He thought that whatever he should find to forgive he would be able to do it.

But he did not know of anything to forgive, and the widow could not or would not tell him.

Nevertheless he had sworn; and then Phœbe's mother had turned her face to the wall and had died.

They had all been surprised to find her dead.

Even the doctor had been surprised.

He had not thought she was dying.

He had only thought her weak.

He said she must have had some trouble weighing on her mind; but Paul declared she could have had no trouble that he did not know of; and when Phœbe had been questioned she was silent.

She was grieved that her mother should have died without a word of good-by to her, but she was glad not to have had to choose between her mother and her child, as she would have had to do if she had known that her mother really lay a-dying.

She could not have left her child until he was out of danger.

But now he was out of danger.

Widow Mallett was under-ground, with that thing upon her mind, whatever it was, buried with her.

But little Johnnie was well again.

Children recover so fast.

As soon as the fever had left him he had begun to revive, and now he was running about again, almost the same as usual.

Paul was at peace once more.

After the anxiety regarding the boy's health, the anxiety of money was as nothing.

He scarcely thought of the hops. He was so happy that Johnnie was well again.

Quite happy but for two things. The first was that Phœbe's cheek did not regain its delicate flush, nor her eyes their usual brilliancy; the second, that all the time they had been in trouble, with Phœbe's mother on her death-bed and the little chap whom he had seemed to be so fond of lying in a struggle with a cruel fever, Jack Foster had never once been near the cottage.

He had even gone so far as to ask for a holiday two days after Johnnie had caught the chill on the dike by moonlight, and though, of course, he had hastily withdrawn this request as soon as he had known the state of things, he had not been up to the cottage any the more because of them.

It is true that Paul had sometimes asked him to do a thing or two more in the service because of his anxiety at home, but it was not much he was able to depute to a subordinate, and it was not enough to warrant Foster's neglect.

He could not make it out.

It hurt him.

He had not thought that Jack was only a fair-weather friend.

It almost annoyed him that Phœbe took it so calmly.

She would not say anything about it. When he wondered at Jack's conduct she was silent, save for once, when she had asked if he had not inquired after the boy, and then Paul had been forced to admit that when they met casually, at drill upon the Captain's visit, which had taken place a few days ago, or at night upon their ordinary rounds, Jack had always asked for news of his favorite.

But in Paul's estimation this was not enough. Jack might have come up and smoked a pipe with him, or cheered the wife when she was alone, or told tales to the little chap when he was getting better.

It was incomprehensible and very unsatisfactory.

At last Paul could stand it no longer, and opened up the question boldly.

"Jack," said he, one night, as they were standing together on the beach by the pool under the cliff, where Foster's place was fixed, "how comes it that you haven't been up to see us this while past?"

Jack put his hands in his pockets, his usual attitude when he was brought face to face with something he didn't like.

He had expected this question for some days, but he did not like answering it, although he knew what to say.

"I thought your wife, having just lost her mother, wouldn't care to see strangers," he said.

"Strangers!" exclaimed Paul. "No; but then you're scarcely a stranger. Folk like to see their *friends* in trouble. It does them good. No, no, my boy; it's not that. It's something me or my wife have done to vex you. We can't think what it is, but whatever it is, you ought to know us well enough to be sure we never meant it."

Jack shuffled uneasily on his feet.

He had not thought that Paul would pursue the subject.

But Paul did pursue it.

"Come, what is it?" he repeated. "You had better make a clean breast of it."

He could not see his friend's face in the dark or he would have been surprised at the sudden pallor that came over it.

"Well," said Foster, with an attempt at a laugh, "you see, I wasn't sharp up to duty one night at the beginning of last week, and I thought you mightn't be so well pleased with me."

"Oh, nonsense," replied Paul. "We had that matter out in business hours. No need to carry business matters into private friendship. And I don't believe it *was* that, either. It's what I said. Out with it! Is it anything between you and Phœbe?"

Even in the darkness Paul could see that his companion shivered.

"What is it, eh?" went on the chief boatman, with a laugh. "There, now, I half thought so! I didn't like to ask Phœbe again, because she had a row with you once before and I blew her up for it. But I *thought* she seemed rather silent when I noticed your not coming up. Come, now, you mustn't let that stand in your way. The wife is a bit hot-tempered—so folk say. She has always been gentle to me, bless her. But if she *has* spoken a rough word, she has been sorry for it ever since, I'll dare swear. She's been worried and troubled of late, poor dear. You come in just the same as ever, as you used to do, and you'll see she'll be as pretty to you as before, and never a word to make it up."

Foster was silent.

He was silent a long time.

"Come, old man, you'll promise me that?" insisted Paul.

He waited a long while for his friend's answer.

It never came.

After a while Paul said again: "Ay, that means by-gones shall be by-gones, doesn't it? There, let's say no more about it. To-morrow evening you come in as you used to do, to smoke your pipe, and there's an end."

And then there had to be an end.

When to-morrow evening came, Paul went down to Foster's cottage and fetched him up; and over the sleeping form of the little lad Phœbe and Jack had been made to shake hands.

From that time Jack was up at his master's cottage just as often as ever. If he didn't come, Paul went down to fetch him; for if he didn't come, Johnnie was not happy.

No one amused the child as Foster did, and during the days of convalescence the yarns that he told of sea adventures on the merchant vessels often made Paul smile as he listened.

Paul was almost quite happy.

Almost, not quite.

Johnnie was well and hearty again; the storms had not come down to ruin; the quarrel was made up with his friend; the moon that had risen red had not foreboded any evil that he could see; but Phœbe's cheek was still pale, her eye was heavy, and her smile wan. It was natural; for though her boy had recovered, her mother lay dead and buried, and how could she be other than sad?

But while she was sad, Paul could not be quite happy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEE-KEEPING IN THE CITY.

Some time ago an enterprising reporter remarked the familiar rural phenomenon of a swarm of bees on a very unlikely rendezvous—the cresting of the elevated railway station at Park Place. Further inquiry developed the fact that the swarm had emanated from the roof of a building down town, in which the office of the *Bee-keepers' Magazine* is situated, a view of which roof is to be had on page 556.

Here may be seen no less than fifty separate communities, all industrious and thriving, and picking up their livings in wonderful ways. The only flowery region very near at hand is the church-yard of St. Paul's, the steeple of which is so clearly visible from the apiary. But this went but a little way toward pasturage. For honey and pollen the bees went for afield, to Central Park, and even across the East River and over the Brooklyn hills to Prospect Park. They were all identifiable, being "Italians," and Italian workers—workers which fly, that is to say, and do not merely clean streets, to the disgust of a superior race, and keep fruit stands—are confined in New York to this one lodging-house. There may be benighted persons who do not know what efforts are making to improve the breed of bees, nor how one bee differs from another in industry, in providence, and in what an eminent financier calls "net earning capacity." An Italian queen, being but a bee, is yet worth $3, and for certain highly approved strains the current rate is as much as $6. Bee fanciers can tell the Italian queen from any other at a glance by the three stripes of golden yellow which encircle her lower person. If these be not sharp and distinct, or if the color be not exact, off goes a dollar from her price. She is no longer a thorough-bred, and as she is imported as a thorough-bred to improve the native stock, her value depends upon her pedigree. Some apiarians insist upon Italian swarms, but others think that the progeny of an Italian queen and a native drone are most useful. It is for the stud, if we may strain that expression, that the imported insect is most employed. She can be shipped, with a small cohort of workers to feed her, in a little box, and by mail, to any part of the United States, or to any point reached by the Postal Union, and she can be introduced into a hive of natives with very little trouble. If she were simply liberated in the hive, the party in possession would signify its disapprobation by promptly killing her. The present writer had an opportunity of seeing the coronation ceremonies on the roof. Two or three puffs of smoke are first injected into the hive to induce the workers to fill themselves with honey and be quiet. Then one of the trays of the hive is lifted out, the old queen dethroned between the thumb and finger, and a cage very like a large wire thimble, containing the new queen, is punched, open end first, into the comb, upon the opposite side of which one or two cuts are made with a knife. The usurper is protected by the cage from the malice of her future subjects, who at once set to work to repair the broken comb from behind, during which process the new queen has time to smear herself with the local honey and acquire the local odor. At the end of thirty-six hours the cage can be taken away, and the new queen is obeyed and respected accordingly.

This is only one of twenty curious things which may be seen in a modern apiary, and which have entirely revolutionized the art of bee-keeping. There are those not old who remember when the only way of getting honey was to suffocate its collectors. Such a barbarity is never thought of by the modern bee-keeper. That is an unsuccessful season with him in which he does not realize from every hive a store of honey varying with the conditions of the season, and on an average amounting to more than one hundred pounds, and a new colony formed out of the old by swarming. The use of modern hives with movable trays has been the chief agency in this revolution. The artificial comb foundation, in which a sheet of beeswax is indented with hexagons like those of the honey-comb is another device which at once enables the bees to devote more of their attention to net profits, and diminishes operating expenses, secures a regular and straight honey-comb, and prevents the formation of too much "drone comb." There must be drones, or there would be no apiarian posterity. But the "sphere" of the male bee, like that of the female of another species, according to conservative social philosophers, is strictly domestic, and from the point of view of honey, he is exclusively a consumer, so that it is desirable his numbers should be restricted to the extent of his probable usefulness as a husband and father. In a state of nature the need for a large number of drones is much greater than in the refined civilization of an apiary, and "drone comb" will not produce workers any more than worker comb will produce queen cells. The queen cell is a special protuberance on the comb, and a queen is produced by feeding the egg of this cell with a special compound, the secret of which is thus far known only to the bees, called "queen jelly." The political difficulties of a disputed succession are so well understood that although there are a number of queen cells, in case of accident, the queen which first emerges takes the precaution of opening all the other queen cells and stinging their occupants to death. From egg to flight the period is for a worker twenty-one days, for a drone twenty-six, and for a queen sixteen.

Another and still more recent appliance is the "honey extractor," which throws the honey out of the comb by centrifugal action, and which has lately been employed also to separate cream from milk without waiting for the cream to "rise." This process, if properly performed, leaves the comb in condition to be refilled with honey.

A colony of bees comprises one queen and about twenty thousand workers. A fundamental rule of bee-keeping is "to keep your colonies strong." They "winter better," and are more secure from spoliation by more powerful neighbors. The bee, like some other races, is only industrious because he must be, and has not the slightest objection to acquiring property by pillage. In fact, the bee-keeper knows a "robber" at sight, by his baldness, induced by much crawling through small holes. Nay, he goes so far as to distinguish the expert or professional sneak thief from the bungling amateur, whose demeanor calls attention to him as a stranger, while the professional goes about the hives of others with a careless freedom, and when detected, folds himself so as to be impervious to stings, and holds on until his assailants are weary of trying to penetrate his crevices.

HIGH BRIDGE.

High Bridge, which, especially on Sundays, is one of the most popular resorts in summer of the up-town residents of New York, is in that part of Manhattan Island which is yet in the woods. The southern end of the bridge over Harlem River rests on a high bluff that for a distance in either direction is yet covered with native trees. Paths have been made only to boat landings and to shady retreats on the bluff. There are famous places for picnics on rocks that overlook the river. Along the other bank of the stream the Hudson River Railroad runs, and is visible for so great a distance that trains of cars appear like toy trains before they go out of sight. On almost any summer day, too, the river is full of row-boats with oarsmen wearing the uniform of the boating clubs that have their houses along the Harlem. The chimney-stacks and spires in the distance, and especially the elevated railway station at the terminus of the west-side line, remind one that, though in a forest which has no hint of a park, one is not really outside the city.

High Bridge, it must be remembered, is not a thoroughfare. Indeed, it is not a bridge for traffic at all, but only the structure whereon the Croton Aqueduct is extended across the river. It is in fact the aqueduct supported by piers, and covered over with masonry so as to make a commanding promenade. At the south end of the bridge a section of this covering is removed, and the stream which conveys more than 80,000,000 gallons of water a day and supplies the metropolis is visible. It is pumped up into the reservoir on the crown of the hill, from the promenade around which a particularly fine view is commanded in every direction. From the top of the high water tower, to which admission may be got by the special grace of the keeper, the Hudson is visible over the intervening hills, and the whole northern end of Manhattan Island, on to which the city is making such rapid encroachments, lies in view. By reason of its accessibility, its wildness, and its highness, which, of course, mean fresh air and fine views, High Bridge, without anybody's intending it to be so, has become one of the famous day resorts in summer near New York, and it will remain so until the city extends to the extreme northern limits of the island.

FROM THE ARABIC.

The immortal part of me,
If any such there be,
Doth still in me remain;
I know it by my pain,
  And by my love for thee!
Only for this I would be dust,
As soon, proud one, I must.
Soften, O Love, that heart of hers,
So hard to all her worshippers,
  So doubly hard to me!
See, where thy lover stands,
And stretches forth his hands;
His supplications hear,
Dying because thou art too dear.
          Come near,
And, giving nothing else, O, give him now a tear.

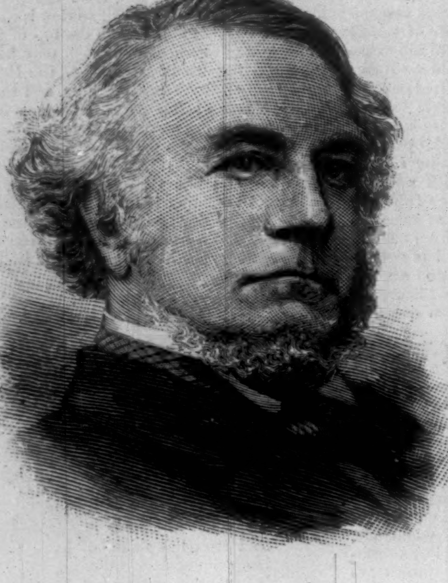
R. H. Stoddard.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

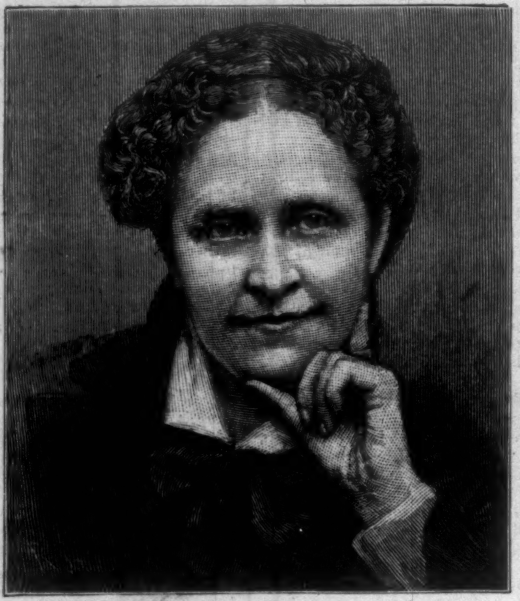
It is something for a woman to leave a perfume in literary history, as did Madame De Récamier, for instance, but it is more to quicken the moral sentiment of a nation; and the poet, novelist, and essayist who is known to readers as "H. H.," and who died in San Francisco on the 12th of August, in her fifty-fifth year, deserves such praise as this. Trained in the best traditions of a New England home, the daughter of a professor in a New England college, and the graduate of a young ladies' seminary in New England, "H. H." was a proselytizer on principle; married when young to an accomplished engineer officer, Captain E. B. Hunt, of the United States army, and for more than ten years the companion of his journeys and his studies, she widened the range of her intellectual horizon, and tempered her moral enthusiasm with a wholesome dash of worldly wisdom. Bereft successively of three or four charming children and of her devoted husband, she found in literary work the solace of expression, and gave to the world, from her retirement at Newport or from her much-needed diversion in various European cities, the volume of *Verses*, the *Bits of Foreign Travel*, and the story of *Mercy Philbrick's Choice*. But additional affliction was requisite to the development of her profoundest nature, and the illness that drove her to Colorado in search of health gave "H. H." the opportunity of learning what she believed to be the oppression of the Indians by the United States government, and of applying to the great work of righting their wrongs the acute moral purpose of a typical New England woman, the worldly wisdom of an army officer's wife, and the literary culture that had blossomed from her need to earn a living and to divert herself from the contemplation of a manifold and deeply rooted sorrow. By her luminous historical sketch, *A Century of Dishonor*, by her artistically conceived and executed novel, *Ramona*, and by her able official report, as Commissioner of the United States government, on the condition and needs of the Mission Indians of California, "H. H." became the foremost champion of the red man's rights, and the most statesman-like of American women. "You have never fully realized," she wrote on her death-bed to a friend, "how, for the last four years, my whole heart has been full of the Indian cause—how I have felt, as the Quakers say, 'a concern' to work for it."

Some of her acquaintances, it must be confessed, never quite understood "H. H." as a personality. Possessed of a wealth of ideas that was almost German, and of an enthusiasm for applying them that was almost French, she sometimes struck those who did not know her well as oppressively omniscient; endowed with an almost masculine force, resolution, and execution, she sometimes struck those who did not know her well as positively discourteous. On one occasion, while calling at the office of a New York newspaper for the purpose of seeing a member of the staff who happened to be absent, she was met by the editor-in-chief, who, instead of sending a boy to announce the fact that the person she had asked for was out of town, had gallantly gone out of his way to communicate the intelligence himself. She looked him steadily in the face for the space of ten seconds, and then letting fly the arrow, "I did not come to see you, sir," walked out of the room. But the amenity and even gayety of her disposition were a delight to her friends, although they too well knew that she held in reserve the talent of making herself feared.

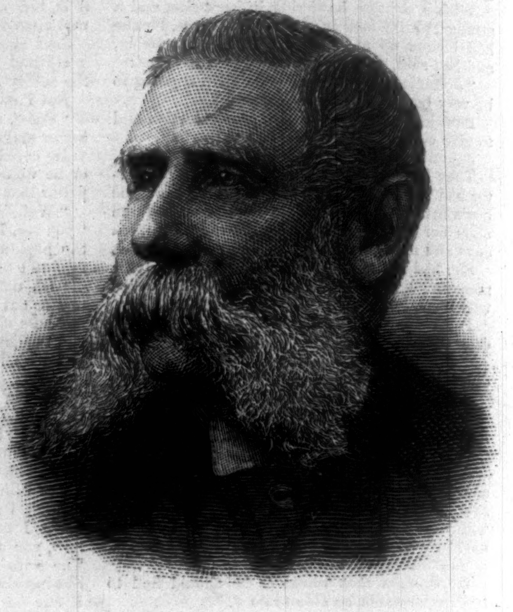
Of her literary style it may be said that it was not a style of crotchets or grotesqueness. It was cultivated and spontaneous, and it was her own. Poetry was less to her than prose, for in prose she championed the cause for which she had "a concern" to work; but her melodies were fresh and sweet. Pervaded by the modern spirit, her art was nevertheless Semitic in tone, appealing not to the dainty æsthetes, but to serious persons, and in profound sympathy with the moral life of the nation.



LORD HOUGHTON.



MRS. HELEN HUNT JACKSON ("H. H.")
[SEE PAGE 555.]



THE LATE WILLIAM A. POND.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FALK.

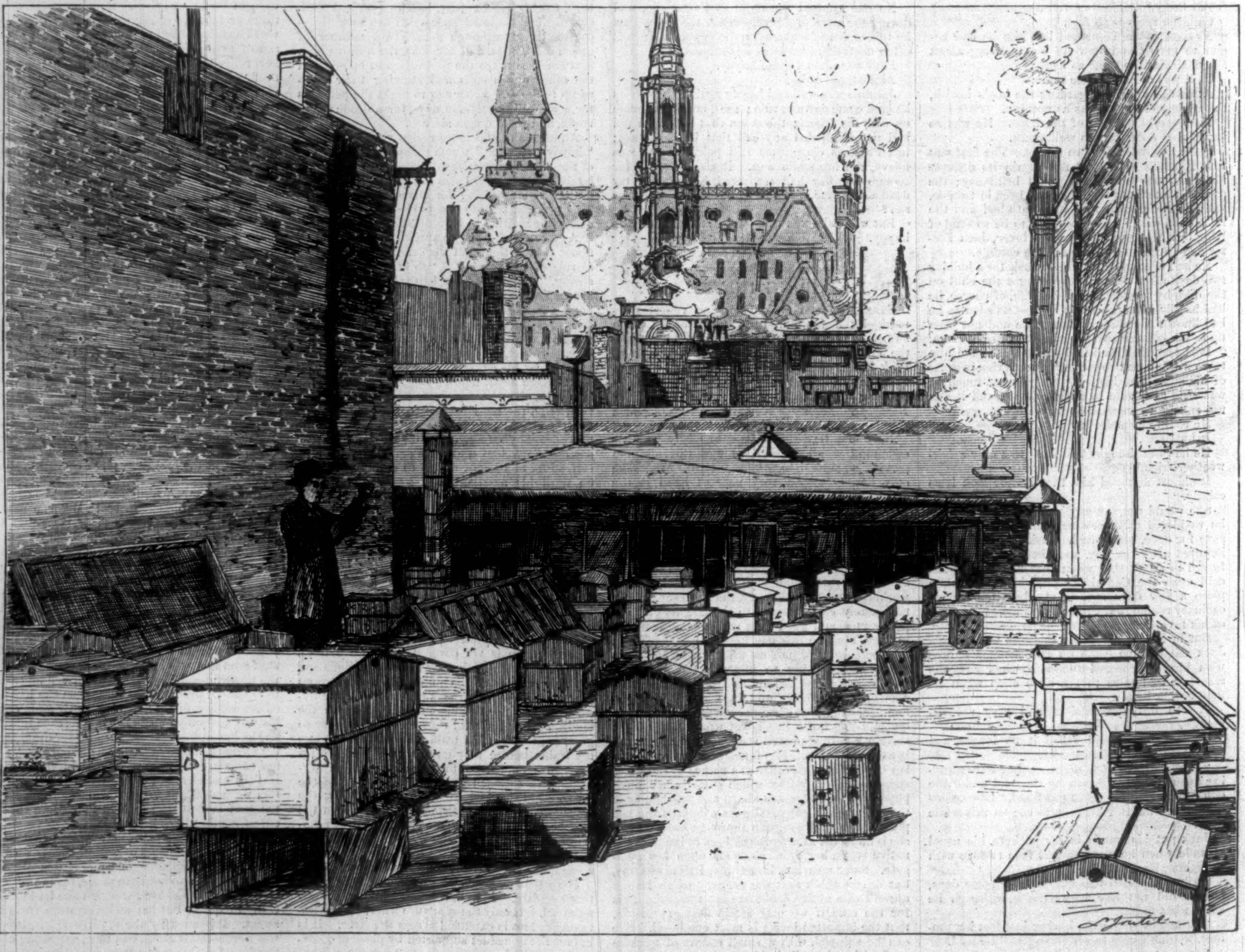
WILLIAM A. POND.

THE late **WILLIAM A. POND**, who died on the 12th of August, at his home, No. 18 East Forty-eighth Street, in his sixty-first year, was a successful music publisher. He made no pretensions to excellence as a musical executant, but he built up a prosperous business, and had an extensive acquaintance with musicians and composers. Thirty-six years ago he became a member of the firm of **FIRTH, POND, & CO.**, in which his father was a partner, at No. 1 Franklin Square, and on the retirement of his father, he started out for himself, under the name of **WILLIAM A. POND & CO.**, at No. 547 Broadway. His large establishment has been a conspicuous feature of Union Square for the last ten years, and a leading headquarters of the musical profession. Many years ago Mr. **POND** was the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventh Regiment, and he was the first drill-master of General **SHALER**. He was a man of fine presence and genial disposition.

LORD HOUGHTON.

WHEN the Queen of England made **RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES** a peer of the realm, under the title of Lord **HOUGHTON**, men of letters in this country recognized the justness of the promotion with very much the same feelings that, years ago, they applauded the entrance of **THOMAS BABINGTON MAÇAULAY** into the House of Lords. "We are republicans, of course," they said, "but if such honors are to be awarded, the well-tempered poet and the sympathetic editor of the *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats* deserves them." Lord **HOUGHTON**'s literary proclivities were not unlike those of his friend **JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL**, although in depth of insight and force of expression he was much the lesser of the two. His movement, words, and manner were simple and genuine, but lacked the nobleness and reach that characterize the worthiest efforts of our poet-diplomate. A more nearly perfect gentleman, in the best traditional sense of the term, has not yet adorned the civilization of which he was a type; and hundreds of Americans who enjoyed his society in this city or at Fryston Hall have read of his death, at the age of seventy-six, with a sense of personal bereavement.

Lord **HOUGHTON**'s father was a rich Yorkshire squire, and his mother the daughter of a lord. After graduation at Cambridge he travelled widely in Europe, wrote interesting *Memorials of a Tour in some Parts of Greece*, and was elected to Parliament as a supporter of Sir **ROBERT PEEL**. He contributed to the magazines and daily journals articles that were read, and was elected president of the Newspaper Press Fund. Newspaper men always felt rather proud of Lord **HOUGHTON**. He visited Egypt and the Levant, and recorded his impressions in *Palm Leaves*. With pen and tongue he advocated religious liberty. His receptions at his house in London recalled the days of the late Lord **HOLLAND**, and he was fascinating alike to women and men. He will be missed, because no other British nobleman can fill his place.



BEE-KEEPING IN NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 555.]

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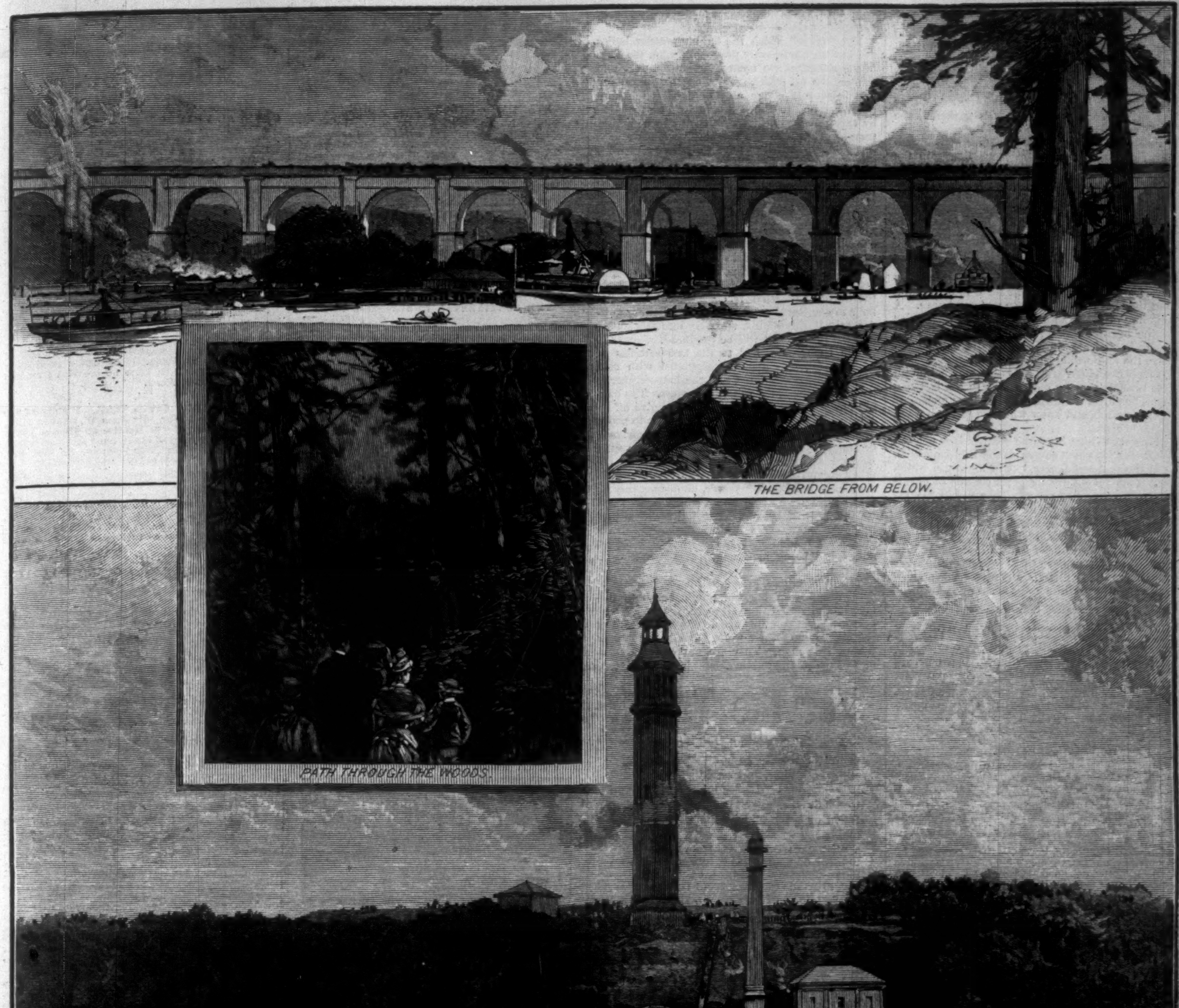

THE BRIDGE FROM BELOW.

PATH THROUGH THE WOODS.

THE PROMENADE.

HIGH BRIDGE ON SUNDAY.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 555.]

PRINCESS BEATRICE'S "LUCK."

Just in time to reach Osborne before the bridal party started for the church, several solemn Highlanders set out from Balmoral in charge of a precious parcel: There was a profusion of flowers at Osborne, but this Highland gift was the bouquet that the bride carried to church. As they say in the country where it was gathered, she "was married in it." Happy is the married life of her who wears the white heather at her wedding; and the most conspicuous flower in the Highland bouquet was a sprig of it plucked from the hills about Balmoral. If this bouquet had not arrived in time, the Archbishop of Canterbury must have waited for it.

"Who finds keeps," is a saying common in the mouths of those who go out early upon the hills to look for white heather. The searchers are many, but few find it, even when it is wanted to grace a bridal bouquet. The pale sprig constantly deceives tourists on the hunt for it into thinking that they have stumbled upon real specimens. A blending of blue and purple is the familiar color of the heather flower; but it is to be found in plenty in delicate tints, and it is these that deceive the unknowing searcher. The heather that Princess Beatrice carried to Whippingham Church was blooming on its native hills to the last moment, but loyal eyes found it out long ago, after minute search, and knew where to go for it when the time came.

Except in color, the white heather does not differ from that which covers all the Highland hills. It is the ordinary flower, but in its virgin whiteness it stands out among great clumps of purple like a tiny spray of snow. They say in the far north that when the sheep, hardy devourers of the tender stem of the heather, come across it in their grazing, they avoid harming it, and that the grouse have never been known to crush it with their wings. There are three varieties of heather common in the Highlands, and each sends up now and then a pure white sprig in miles of purple.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
UNANIMOUS APPROVAL OF MEDICAL STAFF.

Dr. T. G. Comstock, Physician at Good Samaritan Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., says: "For years we have used it in this hospital, in dyspepsia and nervous diseases, and as a drink during the decline and in the convalescence of lingering fevers. It has the unanimous approval of our medical staff."—[*Adv.*]

"I DON'T WANT RELIEF, BUT CURE,"

Is the exclamation of thousands suffering from catarrh. To all such we say: Catarrh can be cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It has been done in thousands of cases; why not in yours? Your danger is in delay. Enclose a stamp to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for pamphlet on this disease.—[*Adv.*]

Cholera, Diphtheria, Fevers, Malaria prevented by the use of Reed & Carnrick's Sodium Hypochlorite (Disinfectant). Recommended by the Public Health Association as superior to all other disinfectants and germicides. Sold everywhere. Send for Pamphlet. 182 Fulton Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

Promotes a Vigorous and Healthy Growth of the Hair. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out, and has never failed to arrest its decay. Use Burnett's Flavoring Extracts—the best.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK.
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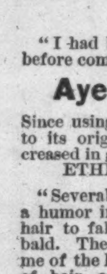

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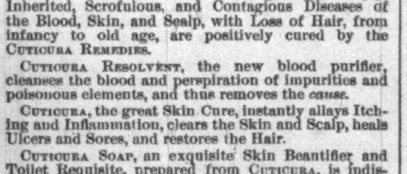

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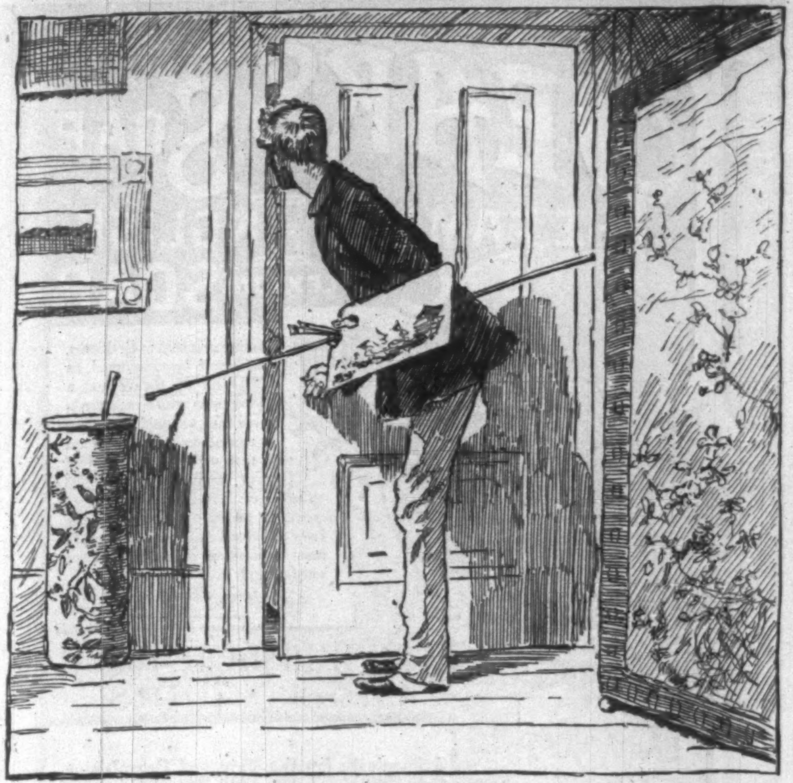

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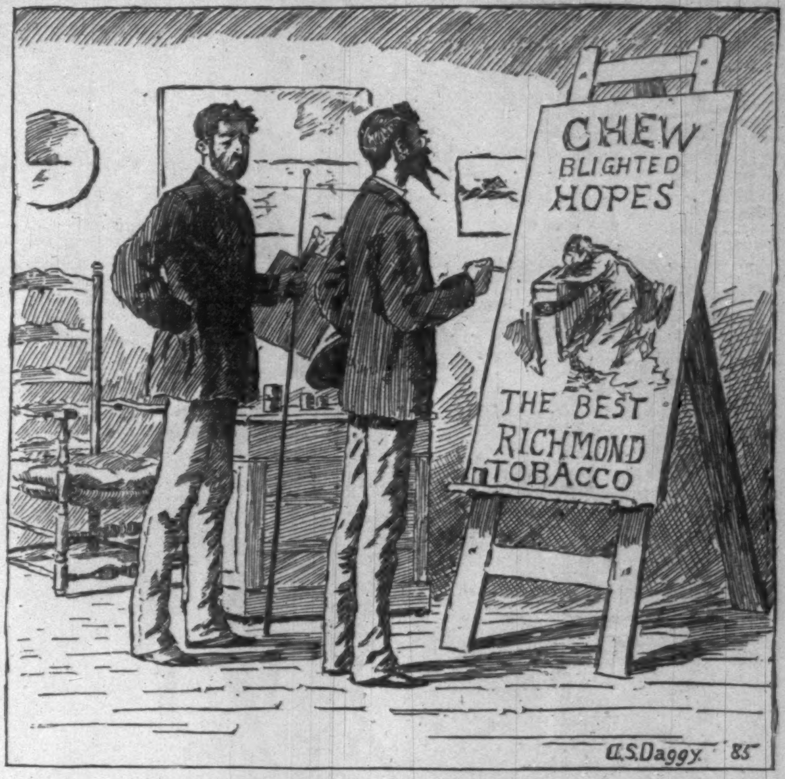

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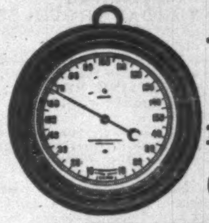

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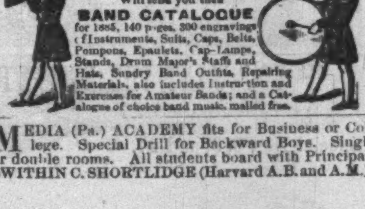

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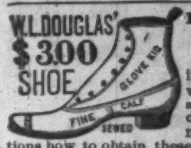

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